

COUNTRY LIFE

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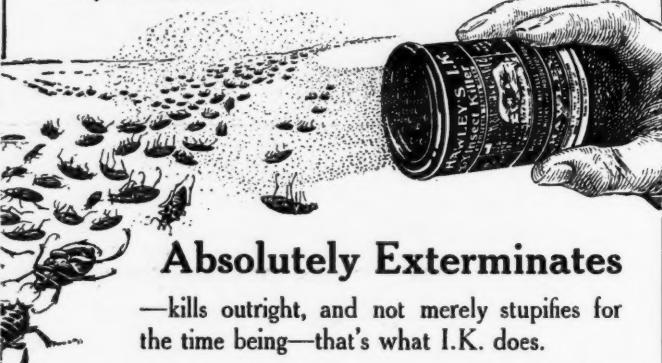
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COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XL.—No. 1019.

SATURDAY, JULY 15th, 1916.

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E. O. HOPPE.

VISCOUNTESS CURZON.

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COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

OFFICES:—20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

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** We appeal to our readers to send their copies of recent issues of COUNTRY LIFE to the TROOPS AT THE FRONT. This can be done by simply handing them over the counter of any Post Office. No label, wrapper or address is needed, and no postage need be paid.

The War Office notifies that from now onward all papers posted to any neutral European country will be stopped, except those sent by publishers and newsagents who have obtained special permission from the War Office. Such permission has been granted to COUNTRY LIFE, and subscribers who send to friends in Denmark, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, Greece, and Roumania should order copies to be despatched by the Publisher, from 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

THE URGENCY OF LAND RECLAMATION

THE reclamation of waste land is one of the most urgent topics of the hour. It is equally imperative whether we look to the immediate or more remote future. Common sense, without laying the slightest claim to the gift of prophecy, shows that certain conditions must prevail when war is over.

Each belligerent Power has been spending money on a gigantic scale and will have to meet the interest due on heavy loans out of taxation. The burden thus imposed can only be lightened by an increase of taxable wealth. Of several ways of doing that, reclaiming waste land is one. If a hitherto unproductive field can be made productive, it is not the owner alone who takes the benefit. The community is appreciably benefited. Work and wages have

been provided for several classes—labourers who have done the spade-work, experts who have planned, occupiers large or small, renters or owners put in possession of holdings that previously did not exist. The work is in a sense creative, and involves no displacement of labour, no dismissal of one class of tenant to make room for another, no interference with vested interests.

But though this is a great advantage, it is not the greatest. The stomach is of more consequence than the purse, and it will open up a new source of food supply. Farmers often declare gloomily that prices will fall like lead when the war is over. They anticipate that cheap imports will flow in again and that the Government will at once get rid of its millions of horses as well as disband their men, thus cheapening hay as well as food. But this rests on a false assumption. No belligerent country will be able to put back its forces suddenly to a peace footing.

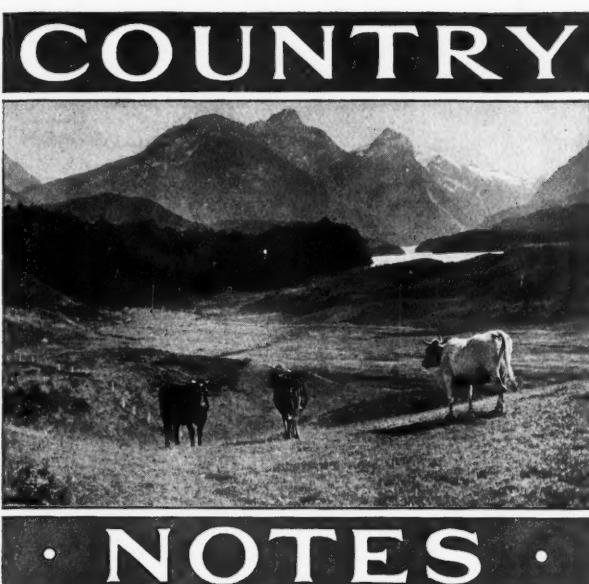
Further, it will take years to re-establish an abundant food supply. During the war the rate of consumption has been abnormally high, as it is impossible to feed an army as economically as the same number of civilians could feed themselves. Cultivation during the war has been at a low ebb. The best organisation of the diminished labour supply could not maintain production at its former level. In the invaded territories the work of husbandry was interrupted and its results destroyed. Fair provinces and fertile fields became as barren as the desert. The international scramble for food will continue long after peace has been re-established. The farmer's dread of excessive cheapness is, as far as human foresight goes, baseless. It was the coincidence in the eighties of a vast increase in the wheat area and a lowering of ocean freights that produced an over-abundance of food that never occurred before and is unlikely ever to occur again. It would occupy too much space to set forth here the grounds on which this opinion is based, but the reader who bears in mind the trend of importation to this country in the years immediately preceding the war and the falling off in countries from which we have been accustomed to draw freely and the consequent rise in prices will agree that the inference is inevitable. Still more important is the lesson of the war. Before its occurrence the price paid for the Navy was regarded as an insurance premium against the danger of invasion or blockade. To-day we have more reason than ever to be proud of the Navy. Right well has it justified our confidence. Yet it is doubtful if in the future any Navy will be able to guard fully against submarine attacks. At all events there is not the slightest reason to fear contradiction of the assertion that this war has furnished the most imperative reasons for increasing our home resources. Every new acre brought under the plough is an addition to the bulwark against possible starvation. Besides a country impoverished by war cannot afford the careless waste that went on before. It is shocking to remember how in the years before the war when other nations were husbanding and developing their resources, we, far from extending the cultivated area, were adding to the wild. All were not equally to blame. Even in these slothful times there were men who maintained the high renown of British agriculture. Those who owned reclaimable waste in the majority of cases derived their income from other sources and did not inform themselves of the new power to make the desert blossom as the rose, which science furnished.

Land, in the sight of many, was a luxury only to be utilised for sport and other forms of pleasure. This is no reproach. We were all in the same boat, and it would ill become the present writer, who has ever been a supporter of every legitimate sport, to cast blame on others. But the question now rises seriously whether in the future the country can afford to give up fertile acres to private park and pheasant covert and golf course. National safety may demand at any rate that a reasonable bound should be set to these methods of employing land.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Viscountess Curzon, only daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Montagu Curzon. She was married to Viscount Curzon in 1907.

** It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



NOTES

IN the extremely able description of the battle of Jutland contributed to this number by a naval correspondent, who is also a great naval authority, reference is made to a speech by Mr. Balfour in which three problems are enumerated. They are the problem of the blockade, the problem of invasion and the problem of the command of the seas for ordinary commercial intercourse. Our contributor asks, in respect of which of those problems is not the German position worse than it was before the battle began? It happened that in the morning papers which appeared just after this was written there was a paragraph stating that a number of British steamers had arrived in this country from the Baltic. At the beginning of the war they had stayed for safety's sake in a neutral port, but now, after proceeding down the Swedish coast within territorial waters, they met with no interference in emerging from the Skager Rak. This will mean an appreciable addition to British tonnage and is a quiet, but most effective comment on the claims to victory advanced by the Germans. Instead of maligning Sir John Jellicoe and describing his report as false, they might be asked to answer the other two questions: Has the blockade been tightened or not since the Battle of Jutland? Has the possibility of a German invasion of England been in the remotest way increased? The questions have but to be asked; they answer themselves.

EXHAUSTIVE as is the account given by our contributor, there is one omission, due to lack of space more than anything else, and that is a notice of the splendidly appreciative manner in which the Admiral of the Fleet refers to the performances of those in his command. Sir John Jellicoe could not have seen many of these performances himself, but he no doubt scrutinised the reports of them just as jealously as he scrutinised the reports of those who claimed to have inflicted irreparable damage on the enemy's ships. The result is a little roll of honour that will be prized immeasurably by those who are mentioned and will become of increasing value as the years go on. Nothing could supply more vivid proof of the feeling of brotherhood that unites the members of the Service. But the very intimate impression we are able to put of Sir John Jellicoe explains that, as a born seaman, he was bound to win the confidence and affection of the Navy.

THE new issue of the *Quarterly Journal of Forestry* very naturally consists almost entirely of contributions discussing from one point of view or another the great question of afforestation. The most important article is no doubt that of Professor Sir W. Schlich. What concerns us chiefly is his analysis of the statistics from which an estimate is made of the amount of land available for timber planting. At present the United Kingdom has just over three million acres of woodland—a smaller percentage of its area, as compared with the population, than that of any other country in Europe. Over fifteen million acres of mountain and heathland are available to select from. It will be remembered that the Commission of 1909 suggested the afforestation of nine million acres. Professor Schlich evidently thinks

that this plan was a little grandiose, too much so to be workable. He suggests that it would be sufficient to plant three million acres, and he thinks that if private proprietors, municipalities and the State, among them were to plant thirty thousand acres annually, it would be sufficient. In Scotland and Ireland there are large areas which could be obtained for £1 or £2 an acre, and he would pay up to £3 or £4, while planting should not cost more than £5 per acre. His ultimate estimate is that the outlay would be about £10 per acre, or a total of £300,000. What £10 per acre would come to in forty-five years at compound interest he does not calculate.

SIR WILLIAM SCHLICH incidentally discusses a minor problem of considerable interest. This is the possibility of municipalities doing a considerable share in the work of afforestation. By acquiring Epping Forest the Corporation of London set an example well worth following. That area, says the Professor, has hitherto been managed for amenities and as recreation ground, but he adds, "such woodlands can be managed so as to yield a substantial quantity of timber without interfering to any appreciable extent with their primary object." He also commends the practice of the Corporation of Liverpool, which showed enterprise and good judgment by planting the catchment area of their Welsh waterworks at Vyrnwy. Leeds, Manchester and other towns have followed this lead, and it is most desirable that other corporations should do likewise. These plantations go beautifully with the water, help to purify the air, and at the same time may be trusted to become at some period or another a useful source of timber supply.

SERBIAN BOYS.

[A number of young Serbian refugees are receiving hospitality in Oxford. They were entertained at Radley College on St. Peter's Day.]

The Serbian boys from Oxford
Came to Radley yesterday,
And rain fell down at Radley
Upon the new mown hay.

Oh the birds' song and the beanfields,
And all the air so sweet—
And empty, wide, paved spaces
With echoing sound of feet!

And still the Radley scholars
Were playing in their field,
While through the open chapel door
The loud organ pealed.

The Warden's little children
Had flowers in their arms,
They'd gathered for the Serbian Boys
Rescued from War's alarms.

Sweet William, Canterbury Bell
And Monkshood in a sheaf
The Warden's children offered them
Whose woes were past belief.

And then the tired Serbian Boys,
At once, were sad and glad,
And thought. "The world is very full
Of things both good and bad."

ONE other contribution to this number deserves comment as it raises one of those delicate questions which sooner or later have to be settled. That is the relation of ground game to afforestation. Rabbits are the bane of good forestry and, unfortunately, there is no way of keeping them out of a young plantation except by fencing. They may be killed down to the last rabbit, but the stock will be as large as ever next breeding season unless extermination is carried out on the neighbouring land. This is at present impracticable, although when the Arboricultural Society visited Ireland and Germany it was noticed that no signs of rabbits were visible. The cost of enclosing plantations, as Mr. Bennett points out, increases two-fold when the square is increased four-fold. That is to say, suppose that 20 acres cost £40 to enclose, then 80 acres would only cost £80 to enclose. The 20-acre plantation supposing it to be 700yd. long by 140yd. wide, would require 1,680yd. of fence. It would also require a stock fence. The latter would cost about 10d. per lineal yard and the rabbit-proof fence about 9d. per yard. Mr. Bennett's conclusion is that in the

20-acre plantation an outlay of £6 18s. 7d. per acre will have been incurred without anything being done in regard to planting. If we add that to Sir William Schlich's £10 per acre for purchase of the land and putting in the plants the result is an outlay of £16 18s. 7d. per acre. But if, instead of doing that, we take Mr. Bennett's more moderate figures by which he gives the total cost of establishment as £10 per acre, not counting anything for the value of the land, he arrives at the conclusion that the capitalised value at forty-five years per acre will be £38 6s. 5d.

AGRICULTURAL readers will not need to be reminded of the strenuous efforts that have recently been made to check the incessant waste of manure which goes on at the typical English farm. Only here and there is to be met a farmer who appreciates the economy of saving and utilising his manure to the utmost possible extent. Nor, if the truth be told, are experts fully agreed as to the best apparatus for carrying out their ideas. It has long been known that the Belgians are rather in advance of us in this respect—indeed, their soil is the most thoroughly manured in the world—and the question has arisen whether their tank or one which has been contrived by English agricultural experts is the more economical. We are glad to be able to say that steps are being taken to test the relative merits of these two systems, and we hope to be in a position to publish the results of the trials as soon as they are available. It was rather apparent from the comments made by several correspondents on the exposition of the Belgian system given by M. Vendelmans, who in his own country has acted as judge of this and other equipment of the dairy herd, that the Belgian plan is so thoroughly unknown that English farmers do not fully realise its economy. In order to help them in this respect a model is being prepared.

ALTHOUGH we have had the pleasure to publish on a previous occasion a translation by Madame Vitali, those readers who do not know her may value a little note. For some time past Madame Vitali, who is a familiar figure in high Russian circles, has been devoting herself to promote a higher intellectual understanding between her own country and their English allies. In particular she has been engaged in preparing for the Press a carefully selected anthology of Russian poetry translated into English. Her effort will, we are sure, be highly valued here. The Russian poets would command a welcome on their own account. They come from an old country rich in a traditional and storied past; yet there is something new, fresh and fragrant in their work which distinguishes it from the literature of every other country in the world. "Those whom the gods love die young," says the old Greek proverb. The Russian poets all die young, whatever the calendar may say as to their years, because they have the gift of perpetual youth. Yet they are not known in England as they deserve to be, and Madame Vitali's labour of love establishes a claim on our gratitude.

EVERYBODY will join in congratulating Sir Edward Grey on his peerage. It is not by any means certain that the recipient of his honour will appreciate it as much as his admirers. Earl Grey of Fallodon, as he must now be called, has won his influence on the British public by a simplicity and singleness of speech and act which are almost unexampled. He has disdained the rhetorical and other devices with which less potent individualities make up for their lack of force. He thinks in the clearest and most elementary manner, and in speech tries only to make his meaning clear to his hearers. During all the excitement of the war he has only been roused on two or three occasions to a pitch of indignation which has produced eloquence in spite of himself. He has won his way to the position of absolute trust which he now enjoys chiefly because, being a man of absolute sincerity himself, his aim in addressing audiences is always to appeal to their common sense and convince their reason. His own tastes are all for Nature and pursuits which go with it. He is never more at home than by the riverside, whether the river be the comparatively slow Itchen or the brawling Glen and College on the banks of which many of his young hours were spent.

WAR is shedding a new light on the treatment of disease. It will be remembered that when the first wounded came home from France and an open-air treatment was contrived for them at Cambridge and elsewhere, a theory was propounded that the highly manured soil of France and Belgium produced bacteria which, accustomed to darkness and the exclusion of air, died by exposure to sunlight. According to the *Lancet* this theory is not supported by the character of

the wounds in the Battle of Jutland. The sea has no injurious bacterial life, yet the wounded who were brought into hospital at Queensferry were all suffering from blood-poisoning, though they were in the hospital within two days of being hurt. In treating the wounds it was found that better results followed the process devised by Sir Almroth Wright of saline irrigation without the painful dressings which have hitherto been associated with surgery. It would almost appear that lint bandage and wool, the surgeon's dressing, will be dispensed with in the future. Even in the terrible cases of cordite burns, from which recovery was general although the burns themselves were terrible, the doctor says: "We on no account apply a dressing." This, of course, does not apply to field dressings, which are protective in character, but only to those in hospital. It would thus appear that the science of healing has made one more step forward after the battle.

WE hope that in these times of dramatic interest Mr. Thackeray Turner's letter about the old house in St. Albans will not be ignored. The City of St. Albans has not shown itself worthy of its traditions. It might have been one of the most beautiful and picturesque places in the vicinity of London, but house after house has been pulled down or remodelled, cheap and tasteless buildings have been allowed to spring up everywhere, and only a few relics of the past are left. The house referred to by Mr. Turner is one of the most precious, and, as he says, it would be nothing if the fireplaces and Elizabethan fittings were taken out. It seems they have already been sold to an American, and one can only hope the indefatigable energy of Mr. Thackeray Turner and his Society will find a means of retaining the house in its present condition. When the war is over it is to be hoped that there will be a revival of the scheme for conducting excavations in Verulamium.

BY THE FIRESIDE.

Translated from the Russian by Madame Vitali.

The room is dark. The fire's red heart still glimmers,
And like a fluttering blue-winged butterfly,
The last pale flickering flame still plays and shimmers
About the glowing embers ere they die.

Bright visions pass, and old familiar faces,
Long lost, smile at me in the fire's red glow,
Old memories of vanished things and places
My heart had buried deeply long ago.

The past comes back, with all its joys and sorrows,
With all its bliss, its yearning, and its pain
Those sad-sweet yesterdays, those lost to-morrows—
Ah me! the days that never come again!

A. FET.

MANY people will experience the same feeling as Mr. Thos. Scales Carter of Oak House, Ilkley, who writes to us that he finds the greatest rest in looking at pictures of old houses and furniture and visiting them as opportunity occurs. He goes on to say: "The fireplaces at Tattersall Castle were torn out to send away, the Dick Turpin room with its panelling in the Old Inn at Banbury went to America and, as told me recently by a dealer, the finest specimens of old oak which come into the market nearly all go across the water. I am sure if you will use the influence of your charming paper in support of the desires expressed by the Chairman of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings you will be doing a really good work."

NO one could wish to see a finer expression of the views held in our Indian Army than that which Lieutenant-General Sir Pertab Singh, now in his seventieth year, has made to the London representative of the *New York Sun*. His simple creed is expressed in the words: "I hope the time is soon coming when, at the head of my men, I shall die fighting. That is how every Rajput wants to die. If I die fighting I go straight to God. If I die in bed with a doctor looking on I take a long time to get to God. I have not yet had my chance, but soon I hope to charge the Germans at the head of my Lancers and die for the King-Emperor." Even more interesting is his description of the feelings of the ruling princes in India towards the war: "Every chief in India would serve as a private soldier, without pay and without rank. All his subjects look to their chief as second God, and all chiefs look to the King-Emperor as second God, not first God, second God." All this breathes the very spirit of loyalty.



OUR NAVAL LEADERS

SIR JOHN JELLINEC AND ADMIRAL BEATTY

BY OUR NAVAL CORRESPONDENT.

THIS war and its episodes at sea have given prominence to two Admirals who were almost unknown to the nation before it broke out. When Sir John Jellicoe, on the eve of hostilities, was selected for the important post of Commander-in-Chief of the British Home Fleets, than which there could be no more arduous and responsible, his name came as a revelation to the public at large. To the Naval Service, however, in which his rare qualities and high attainments were thoroughly appreciated, the selection of Sir John came with no surprise, and was a source of intense satisfaction.

In the same way, Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty, the Prince Rupert of the modern Navy, cannot be said to have been a great public character in the days before the war, at any rate, not in the same manner as certain of our military commanders were. This is a characteristic of the Sea Service, that its leaders were not well or intimately known to the majority of the people, probably because opportunities of their coming into the public eye were not so frequent as with their brethren of the Land Service.

More than anything else, the great naval battle which has just been fought off the west coast of Jutland has certainly established the position of these two men in the front rank of notable naval commanders. In the glorious annals of the British Navy the historian will assuredly rank their feats on that day with those of Nelson and Hawke. The task which was set both of them was more intricate, difficult and stupendous than any which confronted the admirals of bygone days, but the manner in which they handled the mighty engines of war in their charge proved their capacity and worth beyond question.

Looking back upon their careers, this fact appears the less wonderful, for it is the consummation of years of training, study and experience. It is the law of cause and effect over again. That little word which Lady Jellicoe let fall in the course of one of her numerous addresses to the wives of the sailors, in whom she has shown such a keen and practical interest, explains the secret of it all. She said that it was "individual effort" that made her husband Commander-in-Chief, and if the war is to be brought to a successful issue, it is individual effort that will do it. At the same time, Lady Jellicoe's aphorism erred somewhat on the side of modesty, for it tended to ignore the undoubtedly talents and genius of Sir John, for which all the personal effort, however persevering and enthusiastic, could not compensate.

Jellicoe, happily for the Empire, inherited the sea tradition, for his father, Captain John H. Jellicoe, was Commodore of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company. It was only on September 7th, 1914, that Captain Jellicoe passed away, at the ripe age of ninety, and he thus lived to see his illustrious son hoist his flag in command of the mightiest Fleet the world has ever seen. The Admiral's great-grandfather, too, Admiral Philip Patton, served as Second Sea Lord of the Admiralty at the time of the Battle of Trafalgar. This fact lends additional interest to one outstanding trait of Sir John Jellicoe's character—his consideration for his men—which is quite Nelsonic in its intensity. On many occasions he has publicly commended the seamen of the Grand Fleet for the manner in which they have performed their duty in the war. In a recent letter to his wife he said: "The men are setting an example of cheery patience that is splendid. If they had the excitement of action, the trial of patience would not be so severe, but they are condemned just to wait and watch, and it is good to see how well they stick to their rather monotonous work. It is good to be a Briton nowadays." And, again, writing just before the Battle of the Horn Reef, he said: "The Navy has not yet, as a whole, had any opportunity of showing that the old spirit which urged us to victory in the past is with us now. But when our men have had an opportunity of fighting the foe above water they have shown that they possess the same pluck and endurance as our comrades ashore. Nothing ever has been finer than the calmness and courage shown in every case where ships have been sunk by mines or torpedoes. The discipline has been perfect, and men have gone to their death, not only most gallantly, but most unselfishly. One hears on all sides numerous instances of men giving up on these occasions the plank that has been supporting them to some feeble comrade, and I feel prouder every day that I command such men."

After attending school at Rottingdean, Sir John passed into the Navy in July, 1872, and in due time became a lieutenant, taking three "firsts" in his examinations for that grade. In February, 1881, he was appointed to the *Aigincourt*, and while in her obtained his first sight of warfare in connection with the Egyptian campaign of the following year. Having decided to join a specialist branch, however, he returned to England in the autumn of 1882 to qualify as a gunnery officer. A wise choice, indeed, was this, for besides providing an ideal field for his industry and ability, it brought him into early contact with the creator of the modern Navy—

Lord Fisher of Kilverstone, who was then captain of the great gunnery school at Whale Island, Portsmouth. Captain Fisher was quick to appreciate the merits of the young lieutenant, and the association has had a marked influence on Jellicoe's later career. Thus when Fisher became Director of Naval Ordnance later in the eighties, he brought Jellicoe to the Admiralty as one of his assistants. When he became First Sea Lord, Jellicoe was his Controller, or Third Sea Lord. When he formed the committee which was to bring forth the *Dreadnought* design, Jellicoe was one of its members. So, too, with the Royal Commission on Oil Fuel. And it is now common knowledge that Fisher had marked him out long ago as the man to command in war, and so accelerated the retirement of flag officers that he reached the Admirals' List at the right moment and at the zenith of his powers.

Interspersed with periods in important posts ashore, Sir John Jellicoe has had a most active career afloat. He was Gunnery Lieutenant of the *Monarch* and *Colossus*, Commander of the Mediterranean Flagship, and Flag-Captain to Sir Edward Seymour in China. He landed as Sir Edward's Chief of Staff during the Boxer Rebellion, and was dangerously wounded—this expedition brought him the C.B. He also had a marvellous escape from death when the *Victoria*, of which he was Commander, was sunk, for he was laid up with fever at the time, and it was a midshipman of the ship—now Commander Philip D. R. West—who saved him from drowning after the collision. As captain of the *Drake* he enhanced his reputation as a gunnery enthusiast by the excellent shooting of that vessel. But some of his most brilliant strokes have been shown in command of fleets at manoeuvres. Since he reached the Flag List in February, 1907, he has been both Rear-Admiral and Commander-in-Chief of the Atlantic Fleet, and Vice-Admiral Commanding the Second Squadron of the Home Fleet. In these commands, and that more important one which he now holds, he has been seen in his true rôle of a fleet organiser. His training of the ships has been admirable. By constant cruises in all weathers and under all conditions he has brought the Fleet to that high pitch of perfection which was shown at Horn Reef. It is no wonder that the seamen have entire confidence in their trusted leader.

It has been said that the most obvious thing about Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty is his luck. In a fighting Service the fact that any leader can wear such a halo ought to count for a great deal. But let Fortune smile on a man never so sweetly, it would be of little use if he were not endowed with those qualities of initiative, decision and courage to turn to the best account such opportunities as come his way. Beatty has had an abundant share of chances. Each as it came has been eagerly seized and held.

Hailing from an Irish sporting family, the Vice-Admiral first saw the light at Borodale, County Wexford, in 1871, being eleven years younger than Sir John Jellicoe. Mr. John Redmond is also a native of Wexford, and in telegraphing his congratulations to the Admiral on his victory off the Dogger Bank eighteen months ago, he said: "All your fellow Wexford men, including myself, are proud and delighted." Promoted Lieutenant in 1892, Beatty's first great chance came six years later in the Soudan. He was employed in the Nile gunboats, in co-operation with the Egyptian Army under Kitchener, and rendered excellent service in getting these craft over the cataract. On many occasions his dash and nerve were shown in a manner which won the approbation of the great soldier whose loss we now deplore. In that terrible affair of the forcing of the Dervishes' batteries at Hafir, Beatty was second-in-command of the gunboat flotilla. When Commander Colville fell wounded under the heavy fire to which they were exposed, Beatty took command. He fought the gunboats in front of the enemy's batteries most persistently and successfully, and eventually bombarded and dismounted their gun positions at Dongola. He was awarded the Distinguished Service Order and promoted commander at the early age of twenty-seven.

Within two years he was again displaying his rare fighting qualities in a tight place. As Commander of the *Barfleur* in China he had been landed with the Naval Brigade during the Boxer rising. Among other incidents, he showed great tenacity in endeavouring, with 200 bluejackets, to capture two troublesome guns at Tientsin, continuing to lead his men after being twice wounded. These services brought him on to the Captains' List at twenty-nine, and in the usual course he obtained his flag ten years later—the youngest admiral in the Navy. Even now, at forty-five, he is younger than a good many captains. His superb courage and dash

explain in large measure why he is the idol of the Battle-Cruiser Fleet. For the command of this fast wing, or cavalry division, of the Grand Fleet he has been well endowed by nature and tempered by experience, and the performances of these big ships in the war—in the Heligoland Bight, off the Dogger Bank and at Horn Reef—are a testimony to the indomitable will and tenacity of their Commander. Writing to a brother admiral after the recent battle, he said: "We are ready for the next time. Please God it will come soon. The Battle-Cruiser Fleet is alive, and has got a very big kick in her." There shines in these words the devotion to duty of Sir David, and one is reminded of the remark of a French journalist who visited the Fleet last summer. "He is rich," said the writer, "has country mansions and shooting preserves, but I am sure that he thinks only of his ships, of combinations which will bring victory, and of the best men to carry out the orders which he will give. His mind is on the sea." It is indeed, and the nation had a reminder of it a few months back in the ringing message which he gave that England should be shaken out of the stupor of self-satisfaction and complacency in which her great and flourishing condition has steeped her. Turning his eyes landward for a moment, Sir David, with the courage of his convictions, said clearly that until the country could be stirred out of this condition, just so long would the war continue.

In this connection both Admiral and Lady Beatty set a fine example to the British people. The latter was Miss Ethel Field, the daughter of Mr. Marshall Field of Chicago. The share in her handsome fortune which the Admiral obtained on his marriage might well have meant the termination of his active career in the Navy, but he was far too keen for that—his soul was set on that goal of every true naval officer, the command of a fleet at sea, and no amount of wealth could curb his love of the Service. Since the war Lady Beatty has ably seconded her husband's activities. Her beautiful yacht, the *Shelah*, is now a recognised unit of the Navy as a hospital ship, and it was on board this vessel that King George lunched on his visit to the ships after the recent engagement.

The appearance of the two Admirals must by this time be well known to everyone in these islands by the numerous reproductions of their photographs which have appeared. They have this in common with Nelson, that although no little men, they are of medium stature. But photographs seldom indicate that nobility of expression which is a key to character—such as the glance of the eyes or the shape and movement of the mouth. This is only shown in conversation or command. Those who have met Admiral Jellicoe have been struck by the sense of humour which lurks in his eyes, and even more by the stern determination, like steel, which is indicated by his thin, compressed lips and his firm, square jaw. He is, in brief, the embodiment of latent strength and vitality. Well for England that it is so, for the salient feature of the naval battles of the war has been the sudden, almost fortuitous, manner in which they have developed. At any moment of the night or day the Commander-in-Chief may be called upon to decide questions upon the right settlement of which hang issues too enormous to contemplate.

The chief characteristic of Admiral Beatty's expression seems to be its flexibility. Observers note how at one moment it is grave and thoughtful, and at the next becomes suffused with animation, the eyes scintillating with life and vigour, and the mobile lips emitting an apt remark or sharp order. Thus he may be pictured on the bridge of his ship in action, where his sound judgment and quick decisions have been productive of such good results.

THE GREAT SEA BATTLE

WHAT THE DESPATCHES REVEAL.

A COMPLETE story of the circumstances leading up to the great battle which was fought off the west coast of Jutland on May 31st—the first fleet action fought by the British Navy since Trafalgar—with all its incidents in detail and its results in full, cannot yet be expected. It would involve a revelation of war policy, of secrets of strategy and tactics, which it would be obviously impolitic, if not suicidal, to give to the enemy while the war is in progress. But these are matters in the main for the historian, the statesman, and the strategist, and the British people, as well as their Allies and the neutrals, will find in the frank and trustworthy relation of the naval Commander-in-Chief and his colleague, which was published last week, a convincing and sufficient description of the engagement, its stirring scenes and episodes, and its outcome. This despatch is the most important document which has been

issued since the war began, because the whole cause of the Allies rests on the maintenance of an adequate supremacy by their naval forces, and it is here shown how, as a result of the first conflict between those forces and the German High Sea Fleet, the latter was driven back, beaten and baffled, into its ports, and the dominance of British sea power asserted afresh thereby throughout all the world.

The essential facts are outlined clearly in the narrative of the admirals. They show that the victory was ours, and that, but for the fog and the fading light, our seamen, in the words of Nelson, would have "finished the business." The resultant benefits are both moral and material. It is acknowledged that at the outset the Germans proved themselves very good seamen and gunners, and they displayed gallantry throughout. As, however, the battle progressed and they came under the fire of the British ships their coolness and steadiness deteriorated, and as Admiral Beatty says, the accuracy and rapidity of their fire lessened considerably. At one time this falling off was so marked that the Third Light Cruiser Squadron, under Rear-Admiral T. D. W. Napier, "gallantly attacked the heavy ships with gunfire, with impunity to themselves, thereby demonstrating that the fighting efficiency of the enemy had been seriously impaired." On the other hand, testimony to the calm and collected manner in which the British seamen fought is borne both by Sir John Jellicoe and Sir David Beatty. The latter says: "Our superiority over the enemy in this respect was very marked, their efficiency becoming rapidly reduced under punishment, while ours was maintained throughout." The Commander-in-Chief also pays a high tribute to the personnel of the Fleet when he says: "The conduct of officers and men throughout the day and night actions was entirely beyond praise. No words of mine could do them justice. On all sides it is reported to me that the glorious traditions of the past were most worthily upheld—whether in heavy ships, cruisers, light cruisers or destroyers, the same admirable spirit prevailed. Officers and men were cool and determined, with a cheeriness that would have carried them through anything. The heroism of the wounded was the admiration of all."

While thus it is clear that the moral results of the battle are considerable, it is evident also that its material results were such as to make it doubtful whether the High Sea Fleet will ever again, or at least for some length of time, be in a condition to challenge our command of the North Sea. Sir John Jellicoe is most cautious and moderate in his estimate of the enemy's losses. The list he publishes with his despatch, when compared with the account of the battle, shows that he has not included in his summary many claims made by individual squadrons and ships. According to the Commander-in-Chief, the following vessels were seen to sink: Two battleships of the *Dreadnought* type, one battleship of the *Deutschland* type (the *Pommern*?), one battle-cruiser (the *Lutzow*—admitted by the Germans), five light cruisers (the *Elbing*, *Wiesbaden*, *Rostock*, *Frauenlob* and another), six torpedo-boat destroyers and one submarine. The two battleships first mentioned included, it is believed, one of the *König* class—the latest in commission at the time war began—and one of the *Heligoland* class, the second series of German *Dreadnoughts*. Dutch reports have given their names as the *Markgraf* and the *Ostfriesland* respectively. Of the light cruisers, the fifth has been reported to be the *Frankfurt*, although Sir John Jellicoe says that she had the appearance of being a larger type, and might have been a battleship. In addition to the above list, the Admiral includes a battleship of the *Dreadnought* type and a battle-cruiser, with three destroyers, all of which were seen to be so severely damaged as to render it extremely doubtful if they could reach port. As compared with the known losses on the British side, this statement is conclusive as to the injury caused to the German Fleet being both absolutely and relatively greater than was suffered by our side. The details given in the despatches indicate that a large number of German vessels were set on fire, or driven out of the line of battle, or torpedoed, and although the injuries sustained by some of these may not have been so bad as to prevent them reaching port, it is fair to assume that they will not be in a fit condition for service for perhaps many months to come. The closing of the German dockyards is in its way evidence that something of this kind has occurred. The British Fleet, however, was ready, refuelled and replenished with ammunition, to put to sea again within thirty-six hours of the end of the action, and, moreover, its cruisers were already searching the North Sea.

The story of the battle, as told in the despatches, may be summarised as follows: In accordance with one of those periodic sweeps which the Grand Fleet makes it had left its bases on Tuesday, May 30th, and at about 2.20 p.m. on the following day the light cruiser *Galatea* reported to Sir David Beatty the presence of enemy vessels. At this time, the First and Second Battle-Cruiser Squadrons, under the command of Rear-Admirals W. C. Pakenham and O. de B. Brock; the First, Second and Third Light Cruiser Squadrons, commanded by Rear-Admiral T. D. W. Napier and Commodores W. E. Goodenough and E. S. Alexander-Sinclair; and destroyers from four flotillas, under Captains C. D. Roper and J. U. Farie, supported by the Fifth Battle Squadron, of vessels of the *Queen Elizabeth* type, commanded by Rear-Admiral Hugh Evan-Thomas, were scouting to the southward of the main body of the Grand Fleet. This was

composed of three battle divisions, commanded by Vice-Admirals Sir Cecil Burney, Sir Thomas Jerram and Sir Doveton Sturdee, accompanied by the Third Battle-Cruiser Squadron under Rear-Admirals Sir Robert Arbuthnot and H. L. Heath; the Fourth Light Cruiser Squadron under Commodore C. E. Le Mesurier; and three flotillas of destroyers under Commodore J. R. P. Hawksley and Captains C. J. Wintour and A. J. B. Stirling.

On the enemy being reported, Sir David Beatty ordered a seaplane to be sent aloft from the *Engadine*, an aircraft carrier, and by this means useful information for the identification of the approaching hostile force was obtained. It was made clear that the enemy—which later was shown to consist of five battle-cruisers under Vice-Admiral Hipper, with some lighter craft—was to the north and east, and Sir David Beatty therefore altered course to close and cut them off from their bases. At this time the light was good, the sun behind the British, and the wind south-east. At 3.48 p.m. the engagement began at a range of 18,500yd. (or about 10½ miles). The Germans turned to the southward, and the British movements conforming, the course of the two squadrons became parallel. Shortly afterwards, the Fifth Battle Squadron came into action at a distance of 20,000yd. It was during this movement to the southward that the *Indefatigable* and *Queen Mary* were lost, but the remaining four battle-cruisers in the First and Second Squadrons kept up an accurate and rapid fire. At this stage of the battle also the first engagement between the destroyer flotillas took place. Certain British boats had been ordered to attack the enemy with torpedoes when opportunity offered, but at the same time that they proceeded to carry out this plan the German destroyers, which were nearly double in number, moved to the attack also. "A fierce engagement," says Sir David Beatty, "ensued at close quarters, with the result that the enemy were forced to retire on their battle-cruisers, having lost two destroyers sunk, and having their torpedo attack frustrated." On our side there was no loss in this encounter. Later, however, some of the British destroyers pushed home their attack on the battle-cruisers and fired their torpedoes, although subjected to a heavy bombardment from the enemy's secondary armament. The *Nestor* and *Nomad* were badly hit, and afterwards foundered. At 4.38 p.m. the *Southampton* reported the enemy's battle fleet ahead, and soon afterwards both battle-cruiser forces turned northwards, the action being continued very fiercely and resolutely. The four *Queen Elizabeths* formed line astern of Admiral Beatty's cruisers, and engaged the leading ships of the enemy battle fleet. Sir David Beatty had now got his wish. He was leading the whole of the German Fleet right into the arms of Jellicoe. Later on, however, the weather conditions were not so favourable to the British vessels, silhouetted against a clear horizon to the westward, and therefore Sir David, taking advantage of his superior speed, crossed the bows of the enemy, or, as he expresses it, "turned their van," pushing to the north-east and obliging them to do the same. The range was now about 14,000yd., and during this time the enemy received very severe punishment, another of his battle-cruisers quitting the line in a considerably damaged condition, while other ships showed signs of increasing injury. There were further destroyer actions at this period of the battle, and successful attacks were made by the *Moresby* and the *Onslow*, the latter being rescued from a perilous position after discharging her last torpedo by the *Defender*, which had herself been damaged. At 5.56 the officers and men in Sir David Beatty's ships were cheered by the sight of the leading battleships of Admiral Jellicoe's force bearing north, five miles. The Vice-Admiral then altered his course to the eastward and proceeded at his utmost speed.

The coming of the battle fleet into action was preceded, like that of the meeting of Admiral Beatty's ships with the main German body, by cruiser and destroyer actions. At 5.55 p.m. the cruiser squadrons, under the command of Rear-Admirals H. L. Heath and Sir Robert Arbuthnot, were seen from the battleships to be in action and engaging the enemy's light cruisers. It is probable, Sir John Jellicoe records, that during this engagement, "in his desire to complete their destruction, Sir Robert Arbuthnot was not aware of the approach of the enemy's heavy ships, owing to the mist, until he found himself in close proximity to the main fleet, and before he could withdraw his ships they were caught in a heavy fire and disabled." The *Defence* disappeared at this time, the *Warrior* passed to the rear disabled, and the *Black Prince* also sank, though not, it is believed, until between 8 p.m. and 9 p.m. The Third Battle-Cruiser Squadron of Rear-Admiral Hood, also in advance of the battle squadrons, came into the line at 6.21 p.m., and was ordered by Sir David Beatty to take station ahead of his ships. This operation, says the Vice-Admiral, was carried out magnificently, "Rear-Admiral Hood bringing his squadron into action ahead in a most inspiring manner, worthy of his great naval ancestors." His flagship, the *Invincible*, unfortunately blew up about half-past six, her gallant and intrepid Admiral and nearly all the crew going down with her. At 6.55 the *Iron Duke* passed the wreck, still above water.

The magnificent squadron of *Queen Elizabeths*, under Rear-Admiral Evan-Thomas, had ably assisted the battle-cruisers to assert a definite superiority over the enemy. Not only had the Germans suffered considerable damage, but the head of their line was crumpled up. When the battle fleet was sighted,

this squadron was ordered to form astern of it, "a manœuvre which was well executed by the squadron under heavy fire from the enemy's battle fleet." It was now that an accident to the *Waspire's* steering gear caused her helm to become jammed and took the ship in the direction of the enemy's line. For a short period she was the target for the concentrated fire of a number of German ships, but Captain E. M. Phillpotts extricated his vessel before much damage was done.

The Battle-Cruiser Fleet had now passed away to the eastward and southward, following the movements of what was left of Admiral Hipper's ships, and the time had come for the Battle Fleet "to finish the business." The mist and smoke made it most difficult to distinguish the enemy, but on Sir David Beatty reporting their position the Commander-in-Chief formed the Battle Fleet into line of battle, and it became engaged. Admiral von Scheer constantly turned away under the heavy and effective fire kept up upon his vessels, and endeavoured by destroyer attacks and smoke-screens to obscure the range and lessen the deadly nature of the British fire. In spite of this the battle squadrons one after the other, during the brief periods in which the ships of the High Sea Fleet were visible, badly mauled the enemy.

When the enemy was lost sight of the British Fleet was to the southward, and between the Germans and their bases. All night combats between the lighter craft on both sides were in progress, and also the heavier German ships were subjected to torpedo attack, several being reported to have suffered destruction or serious damage. Indeed, the gallantry and determination with which the destroyers pushed home their assaults were something marvellous, and the Commander-in-Chief said: "They surpassed the very highest expectations that I had formed of them." Thus although damaged and demoralised, the enemy was able to reach the security of his ports and claim a victory to which he had not a shadow of title. While the general effect and outcome of the great battle is to leave the situation unchanged, the Grand Fleet's position of superiority has in reality been strengthened. As Mr. Balfour pointed out on June 7th, there are three problems concerned: the problem of the blockade, the problem of invasion, and the more general problem of the command of the seas for ordinary commercial intercourse. In respect of which of those problems is not the German position worse than it was before the battle began?

LIFE

BY A. E. SHIPLEY.

AT a recent meeting of the British Association for the Promotion of Science the President introduced the subject of Life, and the subject proved undoubtedly interesting and even stimulating. It led to much discussion; but, as far as I am aware, no one tried to define life or even threw much new light on the topic the savants so eagerly discussed:

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint and heard great argument
About it and about; but evermore
Came out by the same door as in I went.

That seems to be the fate of anyone who tries to define life. The Oxford Dictionary, still in course of publication, tells us that life is "the condition or attribute of living or being alive; animate existence. Opposed to *death*." This definition at once begs the question and argues in a circle. Dr. Johnson takes a more eighteenth century attitude and says life is "union and co-operation of soul with body; vitality; animation, opposed to an *inanimate state*." One would like to have heard Dr. Johnson's opinion on protoplasm. Even Herbert Spencer's formula that life is "the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations . . ." omits the fundamental consideration that we know life only as a quality of and in association with living matter. Of course, there's the well known character who defined life as "one d—d thing after another." No, it was not Mr. Mantalini; but he was referring to a span of life, "Brief life is here our portion."

Perhaps the best way to describe life is to enumerate those qualities which living organisms have and non-living objects have not, and then to say that life is the expression of these qualities. Living matter or, as Huxley phrased it, the "physical basis of life," is a substance called by Purkinje in 1840, *protoplasm*. Since this protoplasm is always being added to from the outside world in the form of food and oxygen, and *per contra* is always giving up something to the outside world in the form of carbon dioxide breathed out and of other excreta, some might regard it more in the light of a space in which various elements enter, combine, disintegrate and take their exit, than as a substance. Still, for the convenience of this article we will regard it as a substance never constant in composition for a single minute.

To see this protoplasm in any mass and to form some idea of what the substance looks like it is better to study some of the larger animals which have but a single cell or the contents of some of the larger cells among the plants, for here we can look at it, under the microscope, undifferentiated and, so to say, in bulk. If we do so look, we see a whitish substance, sometime clear as crystal, but more often semi-opaque, like ground-glass. It contains many darker specks or granules, and some of these are particles of food. If it be shut up in a vegetable-cell it flows hither and thither, usually up one side and down the other, or, like a Roger de Coverley dance, "up the side and down the middle." If the protoplasm be free, *i.e.*, not confined by any surrounding cell-wall, it will be constantly changing its outline, on one side thrusting out a lobe or protuberance, on the other perhaps withdrawing one, and in this way the whole piece of protoplasm may move slowly forward. This whitish, soft, fluid matter is living protoplasm, but so are our muscle cells and the cells of our brain and our blood corpuscles. These latter are, however, more specialised and not so easily studied; still, all obey the same laws and do the same ultimate things.

What is it that this protoplasm does that non-living matter, such as rocks and stones, never do? To begin with, we have seen that it can alter from time to time its outline or shape, and by doing this in a certain way it can move forward or progress, or move backward and regress. Therefore it is *mobile*, and the slow protuberance of a lobe on one side of the body, and the equally slow withdrawal of another on the other side, is the first beginning of that muscular contraction which will, in the course of time, produce a competitor at the Olympic Games. As far as we can judge even this simple movement is the result of no external stimulus, but arises from something in the protoplasm itself, and certainly such is the case in the more complex cases of higher life. This initiation of action from within is called *automatism*, and protoplasm, unlike non-living matter, is *automatic*. But it also readily reacts to external impressions or stimuli. An electric current passed through the water in which our living matter is suspended will cause it to contract into a sphere, and thus to present for its bulk the smallest possible surface to the stimulus of the current; or, again, a piece of food will attract it, and towards that piece of food it will slowly move—in short, it responds to external stimuli, and is, as the physiologists call it, *irritable*.

These activities and qualities imply a certain expenditure of energy; how is that energy supplied? What is the oil that drives this engine? It is the food already hinted at. Living protoplasm must have food. It takes to itself certain food substances of a high complexity and oxidises and reduces these to simpler substances, and during this process, just as when gunpowder explodes, energy and heat are set free. It is also capable of building up the dead food into its own flesh (or into protoplasm), making the dead live, and this quality is called *assimilation*. Further, all protoplasm breathes; that is to say, it takes in oxygen and it gives out carbon dioxide. Should the supply of oxygen in this world of ours be suddenly withdrawn all life would cease, and in the course of a few weeks or months the whole fabric of our earth would have become mineralised. Life would cease.

There are one or two other attributes, such as secretion and excretion, which need not detain us; but one must say a word or two about reproduction. Living matter reproduces, it gives rise to successors and they, in their turn, reproduce. The most primitive way in which this is done is by simply splitting or cleaving in two. Each form will then increase in size till it reaches a certain bulk, and then again it will divide. No dead or non-living object behaves in this way.

Finally, living matter is *rhythmic*. It is always doing something or other at stated intervals. These intervals often seem to have no relation to outside influences, like breathing or the recurrent beats of a heart; but in many cases the intervals between the acts correspond with cosmic changes. Night and day control sleep; the tides have a marked influence on the habits of many of the shore-living invertebrates, and so ingrained are these periodic habits that they are retained even when the animal showing them is removed inland and tended in a perfectly still aquarium. Summer and winter, seed-time and harvest play perhaps the greatest rôle in this rhythm. One has only to think of the breeding habits of most animals or of the annual appearance and disappearance of the foliage of deciduous trees to recognise that.

Yes; life, if undefinable, is rhythmic.

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

XII.—REPTON

BY SIR MARTIN CONWAY.



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THE PRIORY SEEN THROUGH THE OLD GATEWAY.

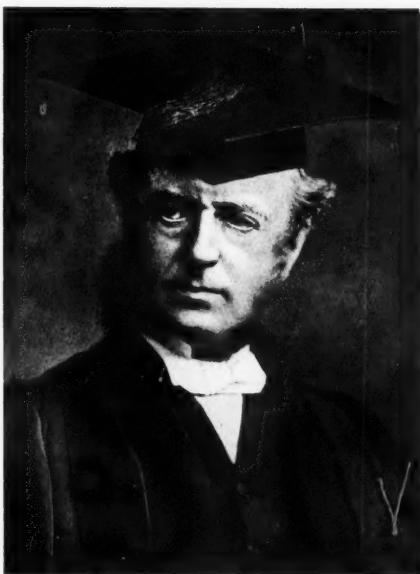
"COUNTRY LIFE."

LIKE most English Public Schools Repton fell upon evil days toward the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries. That was the time when Harrow's numbers shrank to fifty. The revival of Repton was accomplished by Dr. S. A. Pears, a Harrow master, who brought with him the experience which he had acquired under the re-creator of that distinguished foundation. At the time when Repton was reviving, in the middle years of last century, many other schools were growing into fame for the first time, but Repton had

great days behind it, as we may learn from a seventeenth century Chancery suit. An old gentleman who had been at school there in the early years of James I gave it in evidence that in his time the number of scholars was about two hundred, of whom some one hundred and forty were boarders, "and this deponent doth verily believe that more gentlemen's sonnes

have had theire education there and beene sent thence to the universities than hath been from any schoole in the north of England," and his evidence was confirmed by other reputable witnesses who spoke to the same effect. A good many Irish gentlemen also used to send their sons to Repton in those days, and the habit continues. Repton early became a considerable boarding school for gentlemen's sons for three reasons: it was situated in a village of small population; it was established in what for that time were unusually good buildings for such a school; and it was sufficiently endowed. The founder was Sir John Port of Etwall, who died in 1557. Though the foundation was thus of post-Reformation date it was mediæval in character,

"primarily a chantry to pray for the founder's soul, not of the new humanist kind for learning only." Port's executors were luckily able to purchase the remaining parts of the old priory buildings, to wit the infirmary,



DR. PEARS.



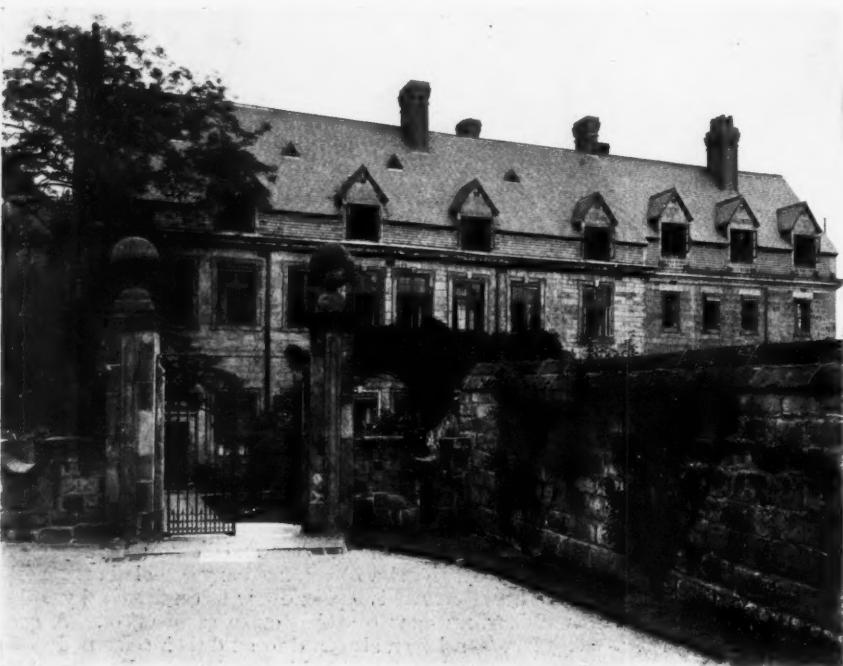
REPTON'S V.C.: LIEUT. SMYTH.



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FROM THE CRICKET GROUND.

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REPTON HALL, ENTRANCE SIDE.

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DINING HALL IN PRIORY.

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which had occupied the west side of the cloister. The prior's lodgings, largely altered and added to in the seventeenth century, became at a later time the Headmaster's house. The old gateway and outer wall of the enceinte likewise survive and now form the entrance to the school area and the boundary of a cricket-field adjacent to the school buildings, several of which stand over the foundations of the destroyed parts of the priory. Thus the school is housed in buildings of a respectable antiquity, and in the immediate vicinity are others of a much earlier date.

Repton in ancient days was one of the capitals of the Kingdom of Mercia. Here, when King Peada was converted, Christianity was proclaimed the religion of his people. The existing Market Cross may mark the site on which Peada's cross was set up. A convent for monks and nuns was founded, and in due course a church was built. Of this first church, of course, no remains exist, but the present church of St. Wystan, which stands adjacent to the school yard, is largely of pre-Conquest masonry and contains a vaulted crypt of most venerable aspect. The memory of this crypt had been utterly lost till 1779, when a grave was being dug in the chancel for one of the Headmasters and the grave-digger cut through the vaulting and himself fell headlong into the cavern! This crypt is the finest work of the kind—of late Saxon date—existing in England. Of the Saxon Abbey only a few foundation stones remain, but it is commemorated, though not pictured, in a well known miniature in the "Life of St. Guthlac" among the manuscripts in the British Museum, wherein we see the saint received by the Abbess Elfrieda and entering upon the religious life. He is remembered with honour as the founder of the famous Abbey of Croyland (in 690), a foundation not unimportant in connection with the history of Cambridge.

When, therefore, Dr. Pears became Headmaster of Repton in the year 1854 he took in hand the development, or rather the rehabilitation, of a school of very respectable age and unusually rich historical traditions, but shrunk to the exiguous numbers of not quite fifty boys. As a place of sound education it must have been well reputed, for each of his two predecessors had turned out a Cambridge Senior Classic. Something, however, was lacking which Pears supplied. Entries immediately increased from four in 1849 to sixty-nine in 1860, and so on, and the development has been unbroken from that day to this. Every public school of any importance has an individuality of its own and is a kind of continuing entity preserving a definite character, a definite public opinion all its own, and that notwithstanding the constant outflow and inflow of boys composing it. In five years every cell of the organism is changed, but the organism itself is little altered. Its character, so

long as it retains corporate health, remains the same. It stamps that character more or less plainly, more or less permanently, upon each individual who for a time forms a constituent element of the corporate body. That, in fact, as I have explained at greater length in a recent book, "The Crowd in Peace and War," is the most important function of a school. Any able individual can teach, but only a school with high ideals and fine traditions can stamp its character upon a unit. It would take a man of great experience and keen insight to define the collective characters of our great public schools, but in a rough and ready way most of us know what to expect of the outcome of those best known. The mark they set upon their boys is recognisable. In my time at Cambridge the man who knew the University best, as all my contemporaries will agree, was the late much beloved Henry Bradshaw of Eton and Kings. He used to say that of Repton men which it would scarcely be becoming to repeat. Just as Arnold fashioned the school character of Rugby, and Thring of Uppingham, so Pears set his abiding mark on Repton, and that mark remains. Since 1874, when he retired, he has been followed by able and admirable Headmasters—Huckin, Furneaux (afterwards Dean of Winchester), Burge (now Bishop of Southwark), Lionel Ford (now of Harrow), Temple (now Rector of St. James, Piccadilly), and the present Headmaster, the Rev. G. F. Fisher. It is needless to say that such men have not been nonentities. Each has left the school more efficient than he found it, but it was Pears who made it. Each has had to raise considerable sums of money for building. When Pears came there were only the old priory buildings, stout, picturesque, but from a modern point of view utterly insufficient. Chapel, class-rooms, laboratories, gymnasium, swimming baths, sanatoria and all the elaborate apparatus of modern athletics had to be and were created. But every school has that story to tell.

Repton, in the last half century, has turned out its respectable quota of scholars, but to the public the school is probably most familiar as a remarkable nursery of cricketers, rowing men and other athletes known to fame, of whom it has had more than a mere average share. This is probably due to a certain strenuousness which owes its origin to the



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HEADMASTER'S SEAT AND CANOPY IN THE LIBRARY.

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influence of some under-masters of exceptional force of character—Estridge, Forman, Vassall and others, to whom the school owes more than any historian of it will ever be able to record. The like is as true of other schools. The seven Ford brothers, three of whom were Cambridge Blues and all good cricketers, set the fashion and they were followed by such shining lights as L. C. H. Palairret, C. B. Fry, R. A. Young, I. P. F. Campbell and J. N. Crawford. In football George Scriven became captain of Ireland, while thirty-four Reptonians have figured in Oxford and Cambridge elevens, eight of them as captains. In university athletics Repton is credited with fifteen Blues from J. H. Gurney down, four of them presidents. In rowing, the school has had ten representatives in the University Boat Race, among them R. B. Etherington Smith, the Cambridge president, by whom the long series of Oxford victories was broken, while his brother wielded an oar in the rival eight. It must also be recorded that W. S. Buckmaster, captain of a famous polo team that represented England on a historic occasion, was also an Old Reptonian. If we had space to include honourable performers in such other sports as hockey, golf, mountaineering and the like, the list might be considerably lengthened.

The chief question that will be asked now and for many years to come in regard to every school will be: How did its men stand the test of war? What did they do for their country when the time of trial came? Repton's answer is briefly this: The number of Reptonians who have

joined the Army up to the present time is 1,490. This is equivalent to something more than the entire school entry for sixteen years. A certain number of old boys have gone to the colonies or to foreign countries and been lost sight of; how many of them may be serving in the colonial contingents is not known. With the exception of these and of men employed on government work, or clergymen, it is reckoned that almost every surviving Reptonian of military age, not disqualified by physical disabilities, has actually joined the fighting force. Roughly speaking, if all who would now have been of military age had survived, and all had been physically fit, they would number under 2,000; that 1,490 have actually joined the Colours proves that very few indeed can have failed to respond to their country's call. Of those who have responded 141 have been killed, 189 wounded or gassed,

13 are prisoners of war and two are missing. The proportion of killed to wounded seems exceptionally large.

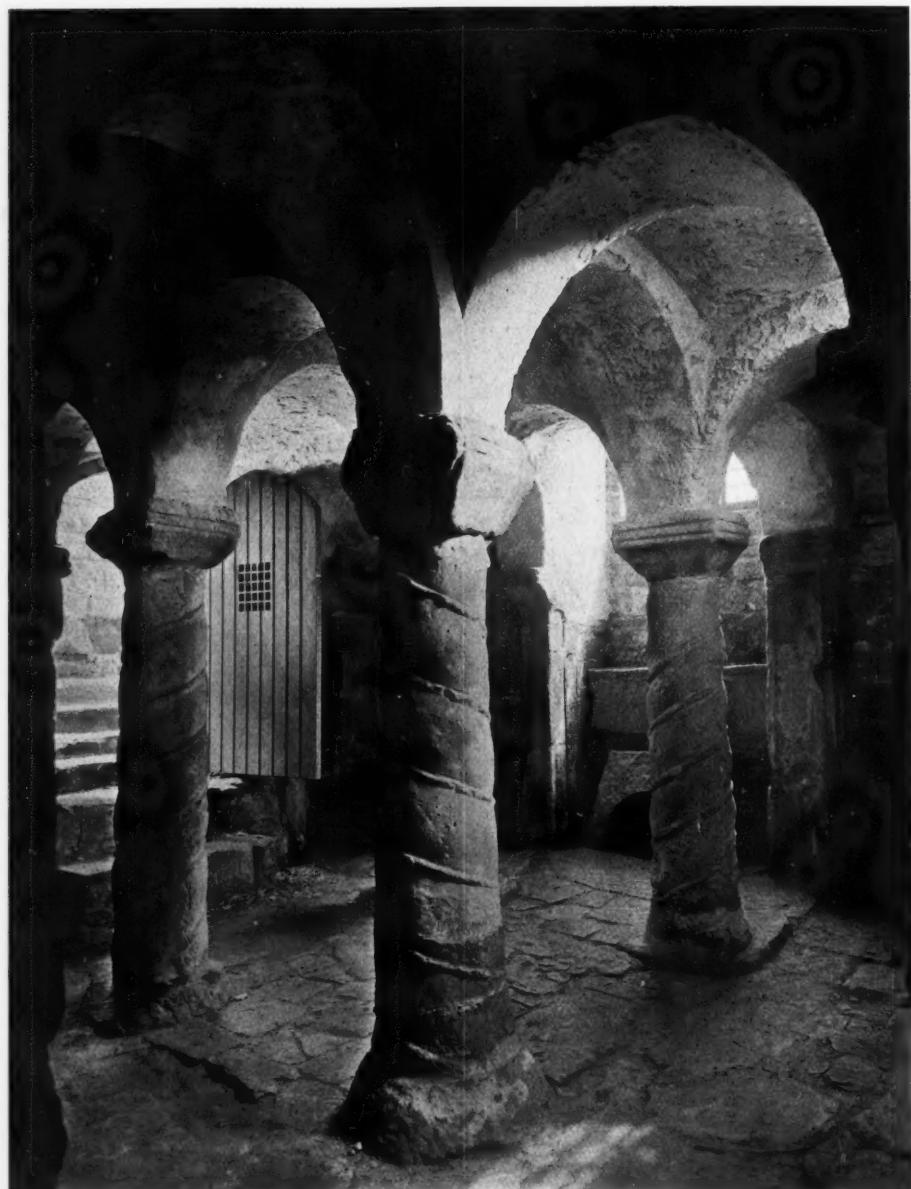
In so far as honours can be regarded as a test of good work, the School has done well. Among Old Reptonians are numbered one Victoria Cross—Lieutenant John G. Smyth, who has also received the Russian Order of St. George—five Crosses of St. Michael and St. George, eleven Distinguished Service Orders, thirty-three Military Crosses, one Distinguished Conduct Medal and two Legions of Honour. Fifteen have been promoted for distinguished conduct on the field and 116 have been mentioned in despatches.

In ordinary times I suppose Old Reptonians distribute themselves in about the same proportions as the old boys of other schools among the different services and professions. The Army, the Church, and India prove on examination to attract the largest contingents from Repton. Before the war

there were 385 Reptonian officers in the Regular Army. I have not taken out the figures for other professions. The school has never been nor endeavoured to be a large one. Its numbers, I believe, have not exceeded 360 and did not pass the 300 line till in relatively recent years.

A word in conclusion ought, I suppose, to be said about the position and surroundings of Repton. It is in the heart of the Midlands, a few miles from Derby. The buildings are planted on the summit of a great bank of gravel upwards of 100 ft. thick, which looks down on the broad, flat vale through which the silver Trent flows. In

ages past the river meandered about in what is now a fertile plain, changing its course from time to time as circumstances decreed. Now it is held, save in flood time, to a definite bed about a mile away from the School. Once its waters washed the very foot of the slope that drops from church and hall. The memory of this ancient course is preserved by a series of ponds united by a sluggish brook, still known as the Old Trent. Here swans build their nests and boys in winter-time can skate and at most times fish. On the other side of the village is a fair reach of undulating country, typically English, with a scattering of gentlemen's seats. The hill country on one side, the river plain on the other, with wide views from the higher over the lower—such are the leading features of the scenery. It is all characteristically Middle English, not changing much from generation to generation, nor much affected by



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THE LATE SAXON CRYPT.

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the outside world, a place rather retired and outside the current of affairs, with no railway nearer than beyond the Trent, which is the northern boundary of Repton's world.

There is nothing extraordinary about the surroundings of the place, nor does the School claim more than an average position among English schools, but it has a right

to claim that, as in site, in historical associations, and in all high traditions, it is essentially English, so it is fulfilling the duty of every English school, namely, to turn out men in whom the heart of the nation beats truly and who respond to the call of their country to work worthily for her, alike in war-time and in the long and now longed for days of a righteous peace.

IN TRANSYLVANIA

BY J. M. DODINGTON.

ALL nations of the world have their eyes fixed on the colossal struggle which is shaking civilisation to its very foundations, but by none is it watched with more breathless eagerness than by that province on the western side of the Carpathians which is cut off from its kindred and bound by fetters of iron into a sheaf of alien races. Magyar, Slav, Bosnian, Croatian, Teuton—with his fellow-subjects of Kaiser Franz Josef the Latin inhabitant of Transylvania has absolutely no sympathy. On the contrary, he detests them, one and all, though he reserves his deadliest hatred for his hard taskmaster, the Hungarian. But with the Roumanian on the farther side of the Transylvanian Alps he has all things in common, blood, language, descent. Roumania, the Roman's land; Transylvania, that part of the Roman's land which lies beyond the forests. And that part which lies beyond the forests, groaning under the iron heel of the Hapsburgs, looks with unspeakable longing for the deliverance which the Hapsburgs' overthrow will bring, for that victory which will reunite her to her kin.

With Bukovina in the conquering hands of Austria's foes, with their great guns thundering at the gates of the Carpathians, she believes—as do we—that that day of deliverance draws very near.

It is an interesting land, that which lies beyond the forests, and there is, perhaps, no quainter town in Europe than its ancient capital, Kolozsvár. Embosomed in trees, its ancient houses straggle over several hills, its two rippling rivers are crossed by picturesque covered wooden bridges which rival those of Lucerne and Florence. Its narrow, unpaved streets are lighted by electricity, but sanitation, in each and all of its branches, is totally ignored, and in its main thoroughfares, beside the lines of the electric tramway, run open sewers. These discharge themselves into the two rivers. I may add that the visitor has a not altogether agreeable sensation when he observes the brown-skinned washerwomen pounding his linen on the banks of the said streams and subsequently rinsing it in their turbid waters!

In these narrow, unpaved streets there are many lofty and spacious mansions, tenanted by the *haute aristocrasie* of the country. Like the palazzi of Florence and of Rome, the ground floors of these are entirely occupied by shops. On the first floor, the *piano nobile*, lives the owner (if sufficiently well off to afford such lodgment). The upper floors are let to tenants of many degrees, whose station varies in inverse proportion to their altitude. If the owner of the mansion is a poor man, he himself "goes up higher."

Standing solitary on a hill outside the town is a white-washed fortress from which one has a superb view over hill and dale, over forest and river, away and away to the far blue line of the Carpathians. Kolozsvár also possesses a fine public park, under whose fragrant lime trees a magnificent Tzigány band discourses wildest music.

But the greatest charm of the little town (it has a population of but a bare twenty thousand souls) is its market-day. Then, under the largest and most gorgeously coloured umbrellas in Europe (I should imagine) do groups of the most picturesquely attired countrywomen assemble, surrounded by piles of the most delightful fruit and vegetables, downy peaches, crimson plums, luscious grapes—purple, yellow and white—rosy apples, blue-black figs, blood red pomì d'oro, gigantic melons and cucumbers, huge red peppers, produce of garden and orchard of every colour and form, and all framed in garlands of roses of every imaginable hue. Present everywhere, roaming and rootling among the stalls, are flocks of long-necked geese and herds of the peculiarly hideous swine

of the country whose happiest hunting grounds are the Transylvanian forests.

Most beautiful forests they are which clothe the foot-hills, magnificent oaks and beeches, with here and there a clump of silver birches or an avenue of stately pines. At rare intervals comes a clearing in which nestles a little cluster of mud huts backed by a miniature village church. The small fields which surround the tiny hamlets are carpeted with wild flowers. Campions and poppies of immense size and most brilliant colouring, orchids of many varieties, corn-flowers—blue, purple and amethyst—wild roses of a vivid pink and with thornless stems, yellow snapdragons, delicate harebells and fragrant pinks—there is no end to the variety of blossom.

The air is exhilarating as champagne; though the heat in summer-time is very great during the noon tide hours, at sundown a refreshingly cool breeze invariably springs up and a heavy dew begins to fall. It is a most delightful experience to roam then through the beautiful forest, listening to the tinkle of the bells as the herds of sheep, cattle, pigs, buffaloes wander down the magnificent aisles, to the flute of the shepherd and the horn of the guardian of the swine. Equally pleasing it is, during the heat of the day, to spend long hours of *dolce far niente* on a springy bed of wild thyme by the side of a brawling streamlet—I may add that for the inveterate angler it is an even more enjoyable experience to extract from its dark pools and alluring stickles many a lusty trout. For almost all of these forest "burns" abound in fish—not very large, it is true, but vigorous fighters, giving excellent sport.

There are very few tenant farmers in the country; immensely big landowners are the rule, and these, with the aid of a host of bailiffs, manage their own estates. They devote each farm to some special object: one, for instance, is the ox farm, another the sheep farm, a third is set aside for horses, a fourth for donkeys, another for poultry, another for pigs, and yet another is the dairy farm.

It is, by the way, rather a curious fact that cows' milk is despised by all, rich man and peasant alike. It is looked upon as only fit for pigs and calves, or to be mixed with other milk in the making of cheese. Only buffalo milk is considered fit for human consumption; this is, however, to an English palate, far too rich, both in quality and in flavour.

Outside almost every village in Transylvania is the gipsy quarter. *Outside* it, not *in* it, for the despised Tzigány is never allowed to dwell among the villagers or to mix with them on equal terms. He is the basket-maker, occasionally the brick-maker, of the neighbourhood—but always and everywhere he is the music-maker. The gipsies are the orchestra of every town and village, at every *fest* they play untiringly, hour after hour, while the peasants dance. Men and women alike are dowered with the gift of music, and the wild *Czardás* crashed out by a Tzigány band makes even the cool blood of a Northerner tingle in his veins!

But fiddling is not the gipsy's only accomplishment; he is also a most expert thief. In fact, a legend of the country says that when a Tzigány baby makes its entrance into this vale of tears it is laid on its back upon the ground, while a purse is placed on its right side and a fiddle on its left. According to the direction in which it first extends a tiny fist its profession in life is determined!

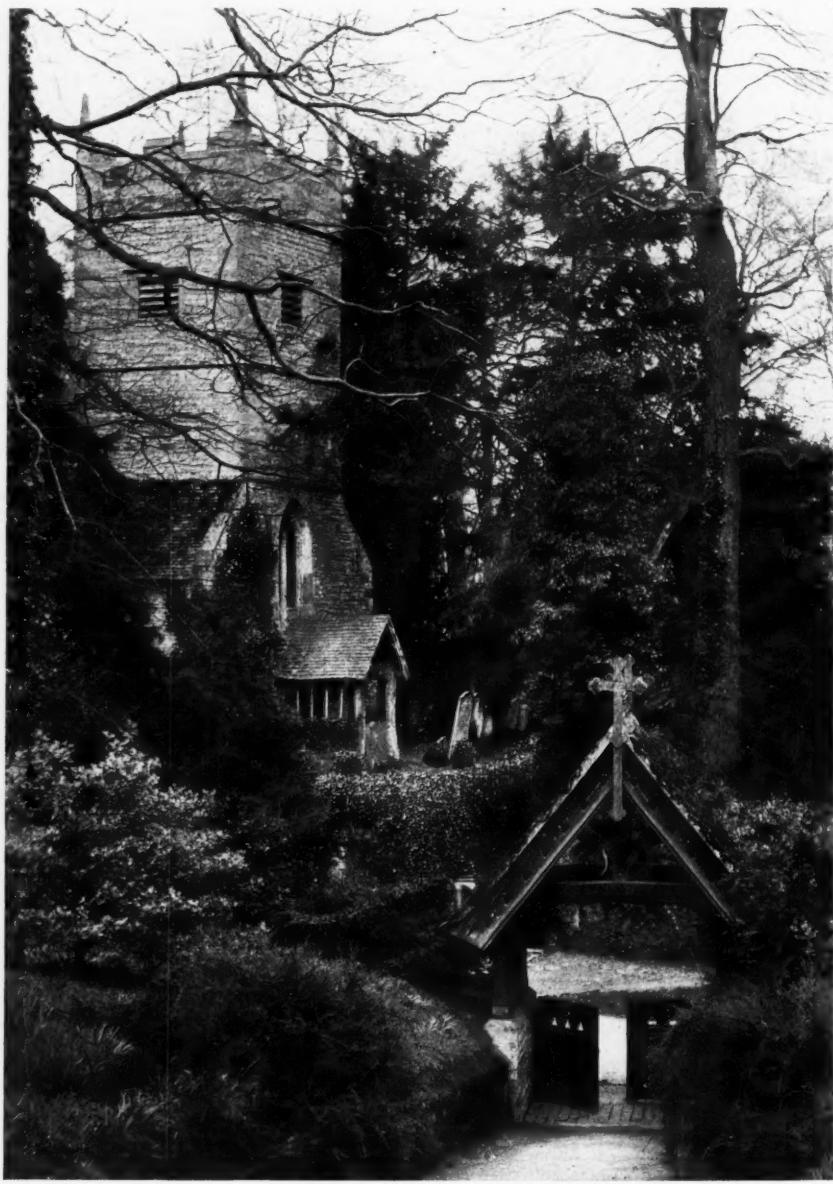
A fair, fair land that "beyond the forests"—a more than interesting people, varying infinitely in rank, in character, in customs, even in beliefs, but united in one overpowering longing: to free their necks from the Magyar yoke, and to be reunited with their kindred on the farther side of the Transylvanian Alps.



THE atmosphere of ancient inhabitance sympathetically united to the best that the informed taste of the present day can do in furnishing and in gardening is the successful combination that arrests the attention at Spetchley. Last week's theme was the family and its house. To-day we speak of the gardens, or, rather, they speak for themselves through the medium of the accompanying illustrations. The noble timber, the undulation of the ground, the incidence of water, the spaciousness and dignity of the whole place—all these afforded ample scope and fine setting for garden developments, and full advantage has been taken by Mrs. Berkeley, whose horticultural capacity is on a par with that of her sister, Miss Willmott of Warley Place. The land has a southern fall, the house standing at the foot of a rapid slope, while in front of it is the more level ground of lawns, lake and park. The lawn is an acreage of park, mown and tended into a velvet sward. Unbroken by geometric lines or formal planting, it takes its natural trend towards the lake, which is a well contoured sheet of water with creeks and bays formed by rising peninsulas or depressed flats, and shows little trace of the straight edged moat of which it is a transformation. Except for some apt planting, this part of the grounds has been scarcely altered since it was laid out at the time the house was rebuilt in 1811, and the treatment is entirely suitable.

An early Georgian building would have looked well with balustraded terraces and formal parterres before it. But the solid simplicity of the classic architecture of the opening of the nineteenth century consorts best with a very broad treatment of the environment. The restful stretches of verdant turf are an excellent platform and foil for the mass of the house; while the stately groups of trees that back and flank it are its fitting frame. Yet, so long as the spirit of the place was caught and maintained there was no reason against the introduction of plant and flower to give interest and individuality to a scheme which, with much merit, had the fault of monotony. Craftily set colonies of such shade loving subjects as *Anemone blanda* and *Scilla sibirica* tincture with blue and purple the mossy turf under the trees or along the little glades near the house. Larger and more distant spaces stretching fully out into the park are assigned to daffodils. A whole army of the ornatus type formed the foreground of one of last week's pictures of the house, while another, which also included lake and park and distant hill, showed two hosts of trumpet variety approaching each other in

skirmishing order, with an occasional scout sent forward into the interspace. To-day we have other peeps of Spetchley in its spring garb. One illustration (Fig. 9) has a typical Worcestershire timber framed cottage as its central object. It is set amid trees, and from the edge of a thicket starts out a golden wave, sturdy and thickset in its centre, but dying out into the turf in thin ripples and disconnected eddies. Then, again (Fig. 2), we have not so much a wave as a whole sea of April's radiant flower, from the centre of which rises a most stately elm. Alas! the scene is as it was last year and before the fatal blizzard of March 27th, which lay several of Spetchley's giants prone and covered the ground with torn limbs and scattered branches.



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1.—WHERE PAST GENERATIONS LIE.

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2.—THE HARVEST OF SPRING.

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3.—FERNS AND FUNKIAS.

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4.—A MULLEIN TOWERING ABOVE ITS FELLOWS. "COUNTRY LIFE."

The elm of the picture is acephalated, and the perfect harmony and proportion of the whole composition as seen in the picture is marred. In a richly timbered spot like Spetchley time soon heals such scars, but the sight when wind and snow had done their worst was heartrending, though the sturdy arrays of upspringing daffodils were undismayed and ready, under the encouragement of the less hostile conditions that followed, to transform their fat buds into graceful flowers. The picture we are now looking at was taken in a previous season on the higher ground behind the house. The road is near the north side of the house, but a little to the west it runs through a cutting which is bridged over and thus the bisection of the grounds by the public way is unperceived. We enter a rapidly rising area of tree-set grass or positive wood and climb till we reach a comfortable red brick Georgian dwelling that houses the chaplain. There is ample space for ancient trees, well grown conifers and varied shrubs. But everywhere about the narcissus is with us. The family revels in the deep but not heavy red earth, and Mrs. Berkeley knows how to display it at its best in a home that naturally suits it. The pictures show clusters of from three to six blooms rising from what were single bulbs. They do the growing for themselves, but the hand of art—and a hand with a head to guide it—is needed for their selection and setting. How few of the race of gardeners know how to plant with satisfying result! This is especially true of what purport to be "wild" gardens, but it also applies to more cultivated and straight edged borders. It is sadly usual to find these set out either in enormous straight sided blocks of one kind of plant or with the material repeated *ad nauseam* in single specimens or little sets of three along an interminable length of which the whole interest is thereby reached and ended in the first half dozen yards. Both these mindless extremes should be avoided. Considerable groups—preferably of two or three subjects flowering in succession, and thus keeping up the display—should be put together loosely, their edges straying into the next group. For the most part the working gardener has been bred in the potting shed, the kitchen garden, the flower bed. His mind has never been directed to Nature, and ignores if it does not despise the hedgerow, the brook side, the wood glade, the June meadow, though each one of these could teach him a lesson which, rightly applied, would be invaluable to him when treating the informal parts of the garden. Even those who

have had the opportunity of a more liberal education, who have been a couple of years at a horticultural college have spent too much time in the lecture room and too little in the practical study of the ways and wants of plants, and fail to get a true insight into their effective display.

Manifold and complex is the art of gardening, full of variety, divisible into many sections, and presenting this additional difficulty, that you work with present materials for wholly different future results. The seed, the bulb, the cutting, even the young plant, has to be set with knowledge of what it will develop into, with imagination of the form, colour, space and period ultimately to be realised. And even then what pitfalls! The soil is too rich or too poor. The season too hot or too cold; too wet or too dry. The wind destroys, the slug consumes, the blight corrupts. No wonder, then, that success is not universal, that disaster and disappointment are frequent. And yet the uncertainty itself is fascinating, hope is undying, even partial achievement and modest results are acceptable. Gardening is, and should be, widely popular, but, as with all professions, wholly successful practice is for the few, and gained through toil and travail.

This dissertation has not taken us away from the Spetchley daffodils. They are its cause, and a full look at them for what they are worth should have an educational effect. They are just right—so right that the result seems to be gained without effort and haphazard. But go from Spetchley to a hundred other places where daffodils have been used with equal profusion and with intent to be "wild," and by the number of the failures conclude whether the job is hard or easy. Here there are isolated geometric blocks, there they evenly cover the whole ground without intermission. Or it would seem that infinite pains have been taken with foot rule to reach perfect equidistance. There is variety of treatment, but sameness is wrong doing. At Spetchley we find none of this, they are as if wild. Artifice has really simulated Nature, and the words "wave" and "ripple" have seemed the best and truest to describe the effect. There is never a continued thickness or thinness of setting or growth, never a great expanse without the restful change of an unoccupied grass patch, never a troubling mixture or an excess of kinds. There is a wise and reticent selection that maintains the breadth of treatment but affords a satisfying variety. Here Emperor or Empress, there Ornatus or Barri prevail, but there is no exact limitation to each; we pass imperceptibly from one to another. Moreover, there is no aim at exhibiting a collection, at valuing not by excellence but by preciousness merely. Old favourites, such as those already mentioned, have been freely used, for they combine beauty with robustness in eminent degree. But newer or less popular kinds are also to be found. There is a nursery for the trial and multiplication of additional subjects. The soil being favourable, any that possess real health and vigour rapidly increase under cultivation and division, and thus ample stock is created for transference to the wild, so that we there meet gallant hosts of Werdale Perfection and Seagull, Cresset and Will Scarlet, so well established that they might pass as having been "seated" at



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5.—SUN LOVERS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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6.—THE HOME AND GARDEN OF THE BEES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Spetchley as long as the Berkeleys themselves.

Although the "landscape" style adopted in 1811 has been continued, expanded and improved as the dominant note of the Spetchley grounds, yet scope and site for more formal treatment have been found. At some distance east of the house and separated therefrom by trees and plantations large walled kitchen gardens had been accommodated. Space within and around these has been taken for formal border and grass alley, for topiary hedge and architectural incident. A few of the many and varied compositions and pictures thus obtained are revealed in the illustrations. A rare and remarkable specimen of the pendulous branched cedar (Fig. 7) rises at the end of a yew hedged alley, in the centre of which water spouts into a marble tazza and thence falls into a shapely stone basin. On each side the yews enclose little gardens, each one a home for separate families of plants. Next we reach an open space south of the kitchen garden, and using its wall as a shelter and screen. In the centre Doric columns and entablature support a flat roof and make a garden temple of excellent material and proportions (Fig. 8). From its shade may be enjoyed a sunlit scene of luxuriant growth and wealth of bloom. The scheme itself is simple; long borders and large oblong beds are divided off from wide pathways by box edgings. The variety of



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7.—A RARE CEDAR.

form and colour is rightly given by the plants themselves. Rare or delicate shrubs and climbers share the wall with roses, and roses occupy the border south of the main path. For the rest we have an ample selection of perennials: here lovers of the full sun (Fig. 5), there—as the westward trees are approached—those preferring partial shade (Fig. 3), but all happily placed and well tended. Though the main principle of bantams to the front and guardsmen to the rear is followed, there are no lines of separate heights, but an apparently inconsequent, yet successfully studied variety of height, from mossy saxifrage to rocketing mullein (Fig. 4). Largeness and dignity are not lacking at Spetchley, but there is no approach to vastness or grandeur. A well ordered and generous homeliness is the comfortable feeling created, and at no point more pleasantly realised than in the quiet corner (Fig. 6) where the bee skips are sheltered under a thatched roof, with a paved way up to it bordered by flowers and backed by trees. Trees are in abundance to give enclosure and privacy, for it is only south of the house that

openness prevails. Everywhere else one moves from one to another sheltered and secluded spot. The gardens, wild and formal, in which we have so enjoyably lingered are not seen all at once or understood from the first. They are the separate regions in a voyage of discovery, affording pleasurable



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8.—A GARDEN TEMPLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

mystery and successive surprise. Close to the house as is the church, it is unexpected till you are upon it, and from the recent house and the gardens of to-day we find ourselves transported to the past, to where the generations that are gone lie buried (Fig. 1). In the church aisle, Rowland Berkeley and his wife repose on a stately canopied altar tomb, and near them their son, the judge, occupies a like position surrounded by heraldry that shows that if Satchley was acquired by a Berkeley who, as his "ancient friend" tells us, was "in the world extenuated for a while," yet he was "extracted from the nobility"—an example of the blue blood joined to the business instinct to which we owe a number of our fine country homes and which has been a leading

(*Passiflora cærulea*), although both natives of Southern Brazil, likewise give far greater satisfaction under the shade of a north wall and flower over a much longer period than when grown in a hot, sunny position.

One outstanding feature of the Holland House Show was the beautiful scarlet varieties of the South Sea Myrtle (*Leptospermum scoparium*), a common shrub in Australia and New Zealand that is much hardier than is generally supposed. These beautiful varieties, each bearing a profusion of bright little flowers, were sent from County Down, where they are grown with marked success and with very little trouble. The hardiest of them is a variety named Chapmanii, with pink flowers larger than the type and bronze coloured foliage. So far as we know it has never been touched by frost, even in most exposed places.



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9.—DAFFODILS IN WAVE AND RIPPLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

element in the successful compromise between the aristocratic and democratic principles that has distinguished English polity during many centuries. H. AVRAY TIPPING.

IN THE GARDEN

LITTLE KNOWN SHRUBS THAT FLOWER IN JULY.

ALTHOUGH most flowering shrubs are at their best some time during the first six months of the year, there are others which are less precocious and seldom reach the height of their flowering season until the last note of the cuckoo has been heard. Some of the little known July flowering shrubs are this year flowering uncommonly well, and in consequence the Holland House Show, though much smaller than usual, will long be remembered for its choice flowering shrubs. Never before has *Fremontia californica*, with its buttercup yellow flowers, been seen in such exquisite form. Its long branches, well spurred and studded with cup-shaped flowers, won the admiration of all who saw them. It is a very handsome Californian shrub that is rarely seen in English gardens, partly because it is not known and partly because those who do know it consider it too tender. As a matter of fact, it is much hardier than is generally supposed, but it seldom receives the right treatment. One of the commonest mistakes in gardening is to assume that because a plant comes from a warmer country than our own it must be given a warm, sunny wall. Such a position is far too hot and dry for *Fremontia californica*; but, given a north or north-west wall, it will in time grow 20ft. in height and prove itself one of the glories of an English garden. *Solanum jasminoides* and the Passion Flower

The deepest coloured, and, perhaps, the most handsome, is *Nichollii*, or *Nichollsii*; while *Boscawenii* and a number of unnamed seedlings have the making of first-rate garden shrubs if only they prove hardy. The South Sea Myrtle is one of the few Australian shrubs which will thrive and produce seed outdoors in this country. There is an old bush in a garden at Ewhurst, Surrey, and a seedling quite close, the two having grown together, making an archway from 15ft. to 20ft. in height. It requires a warm, light soil.

An immense bush of *Tricuspidaria dependens*, more generally known as *Crinodendron Hookerianum*, also from County Down, brings to mind another fascinating shrub that is all too seldom seen. It is a native of Chili, with rich deep crimson flowers. In parts of Ireland and Cornwall it does well without protection, but in other places it just misses being hardy enough to make handsome specimen plants, which can only be done in the course of many years.

The hardy evergreen *Escallonia Philippiana* from Valdivia, with small leaves and a profusion of small white flowers in panicles, was shown in excellent form, also two of its hybrids, viz., *E. langleyensis* and *Donald Seedling*. The latter, by virtue of its free-flowering habit in the young plant, was granted an award of merit.

Another shrub which created a good deal of admiration mingled with curiosity was *Erythrina Crista-galli*, the Cockscomb or common Coral Tree, with bright deep scarlet, pea-shaped flowers. It is an old garden plant from Brazil, and it will thrive for years against a warm south wall in light soil.

The shrubby Cistuses, or Rock Roses, were also well shown, including the true *C. purpureus*, with a dark maroon blotch on the petals, a much finer plant than the one usually sold as *C. purpureus*; also *C. algeriensis*, especially dainty and charming.

One of the most delightful of all shrubs at the present time is *Magnolia parviflora*, with creamy, saucer-shaped flowers emitting a grateful perfume. It was shown in splendid form. Its maroon crimson anthers stand out in striking contrast to its light coloured flowers.

These notes are brought to a close with a reference to the Mountain Laurel (*Kalmia latifolia*), whose clusters of pink, wax-like flowers are this year borne in even greater profusion than usual. It comes in at a time when Rhododendrons and Azaleas have passed out of flower, and it is sweetly pretty in its deep pink buds as in the expanded flowers of paler tone. There were plants less than 2ft. high and others more than 6ft. high, all of them smothered with blossom. It is one of the most beautiful of July flowering shrubs, and it will thrive in peaty soils where Rhododendrons grow, but it is waste of time to attempt to grow it on chalky or stiff clay soils. C.

THE RELIGIOUS REVIVAL IN FRANCE

BY A. CLUTTON-BROCK.

WHEN France and England were not friends Englishmen took a pleasure in being shocked by the irreligion of France. I read years ago a book about the Franco-Prussian war in which the author told how he heard French soldiers singing the *Marseillaise* as they marched by and afterwards Germans singing Luther's Hymn. He drew the obvious moral: The Germans were religious and the French were not; therefore the Germans won. That was a good instance of the worship of success which made so many Englishmen blind for so long to the character and danger of modern Germany. The Germans still sing Luther's Hymn, but it is to them a hymn to Germany not to God; they are still outwardly, and even to themselves, more religious than the French, but the question is: what do they worship? and the answer is, Germany.

Now it is much more difficult for the Frenchman than for the German to worship anything; but that is because he is more, and not less, religious than the German. The modern German finds it easy to worship what he is told to worship, because he believes that obedience is good for him and for the German people. His religious feeling is at the mercy of his sense of expediency; what is good for Germany, he thinks, must be good for the universe. He has a spiritual passion for material success, and that is why he can sing Luther's Hymn, meaning just what the Frenchman means when he sings the *Marseillaise*. But a Frenchman cannot worship what he is told to worship; if he has a passion for material success he knows that it is a material passion. However much he loves his country, he knows that it is not God, and he would rather believe in no God at all than believe in one for patriotic purposes. The French, more than any other people, have always been possessed by a passion for the truth. They are intellectually the most religious of nations; by which I mean that truth is to them an absolute, to be pursued for its own sake and regardless of consequences to themselves or to anyone else. This pursuit of truth may take a form that seems irreligious, as when they worshipped the Goddess of Reason in the Revolution; but it is to be noted that even then, and in that moment of almost insane exaltation, it was Reason that they worshipped—that is to say, something outside and above themselves—and not their country, which would have been another name for themselves.

If the Germans now went completely and obviously mad they would openly worship Germany, which would mean themselves. The French, even in madness, could not do that; their religious passion for truth could not be utterly overcome by any egotistical passion. To them patriotism is one thing and religion another, and, when they are patriotic, they cannot call themselves religious. But this passion of theirs for truth has caused them always to take religion very seriously, even when they were hostile to it. A Frenchman, if he has convinced himself that he is an atheist, has always wanted to make other men atheists, because his passion for truth is religious. We call the French, or used to call them, a sceptical people; but they have never reached the ultimate scepticism of thinking that truth does not matter, that it is more important to be comfortable or prosperous or powerful than to believe what is true. If they see what they take to be an error they try to destroy it; they cannot be tolerant from mere indifference. Hence the fierce struggles in France between Clericals

and anti-Clericals, struggles which are really religious on both sides, because on both sides there has been a passion for the truth, stronger than any desire for comfortable compromise. Freemasons in England are social and charitable clubs; in France they are religiously anti-religious. Shelley in his own time seemed to most Englishmen a wanton blasphemer; we can see now that he was filled with a religious passion more than any other English poet of his age, and it is that passion which makes his poetry so interesting to us. There is something of Shelley in every French atheist, and the French understand him much more easily than we do.

In the Middle Ages the French produced the greatest religious art of Europe, the art of their cathedrals; it was they who made Gothic, who developed it with a sublime passion for logic, with a desire to carry a certain principle as far as it could be carried; and this desire of theirs has manifested itself in all their national activities ever since. If they have produced the fiercest blasphemers they have also produced Joan of Arc, Fenelon, Pascal, and others like them without number. In Voltaire himself there was the same sacred passion for the truth as in Pascal; there was that passion even in his bitterest laughter. It stirs in all his thought like a wind, keeping it fresh and pure even when it seems most perverse; we never feel in his mind or in the mind of any French thinker that curious fetid atmosphere so common now in German thought; in the thought of a writer like Herr Naumann, who, still professing reverence for the truth, thinks altogether in terms of German ambitions, and can provide a moral or intellectual apology for any German crime. That atmosphere is fetid because there is no religious passion in it whatever, because the false absolute, Germany, has taken the place in it of truth and righteousness, because there is in it a capacity for believing anything whatever that it seems expedient to believe.

It is this capacity that destroys religion, even if the churches are still full; for it destroys the power of conceiving a God or of worshipping anything, except the worshipper. Because the French are a religious people they have never been able to worship themselves; and so they have often refused to worship anything except the truth. Their religion has been negative, it has taken the form of a fierce denial of what they took to be untrue; but it has never ceased to exist; and that which we now call the revival of religion in France is only a change from negative to positive religion. The two opposed parties have discovered that in the nature of their passion, they were both on the same side as against an enemy in whom that passion was wanting altogether. Their differences were as nothing against this great denial of all that made even the conflict between them seem worth while. Perhaps the one patent and visible fact which did most to unite them was the destruction of Reims Cathedral. That may have seemed to the French atheist in the past a monument of obsolete superstition; but, when it was ruined by the German guns, he saw that it was a monument of something else, that its beauty had expressed his own passion for something that was not himself, and that the ugliness that destroyed it was an egotistical passion which, if it triumphs, must destroy everything holy and beautiful that has come from the mind of man.

So to every Frenchman that cathedral, ruined and profaned, became suddenly what it was built to be, the temple of God, the symbol of that for which France was fighting. And all Frenchmen knew then that they were fighting for the same thing, for something that was not themselves, nor their country, nor even the future of the world; but the true order of the universe, which their enemies, in their national egotism, had misconceived, believing that by the mere exercise of brute force they could change it. Their return to the ancient faith was only a recognition of it as the faith which they had always held. Their differences with their fellow-countrymen had been merely verbal; but here was a real difference between two conceptions of the universe, and they were all for one of them and against the other.

We must not suppose that that which we call the religious revival in France is merely the uniting of all Frenchmen in a desperate prayer for victory, that it is the will to believe in a God who will give victory if He is prayed to. Rather, by the intensity of their struggle and the greatness of their sacrifice the French have been turned from a negative to a positive faith, so strong that all minor differences are lost in it. They have now all the same sense of the absolute; and in that common sense each party knows that the other has no private ends to serve. When the

priest fights in the trenches side by side with the freemason, they learn that their faith is the same, however differently it may have been expressed ; and the freemason sees that the worship of the priest is an expression of that faith, not a piece of obsolete superstition. So he will join in that worship ; and, when he does so, its meaning becomes plain to him, as if it were a music of which before he had never heard the melody. And the priest, too, learns that the freemason is not the enemy of all that he holds sacred merely because he has expressed himself differently. He has laughed at the priest, no doubt ; but, now that they are both ready to die for the same cause, that laughter is

forgotten. Besides, they can now both laugh at the enemy. His infatuation is to them a common joke, as their own faith is now common. There is something deeper than reason in their reconciliation ; yet their reason consents to it also, because they know that behind all theological differences their belief in righteousness, in truth, and in the beauty that comes of these is the same. They know, too, that their enemy in his national egotism has no belief in these things, that he is fighting for Germany which is his God ; and, recognising that their God is of a different nature, they know that they are both fighting for the same God.

YOUTHFUL SPECTATORS



J. Vanandel.

SEEING HOW THINGS ARE DONE.

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A RATHER pretty sight has occurred more frequently than usual this year. Owing to the scarcity of beasts of burden it has not always been possible to give mares with a foal that pleasant run on the meadows which is a usual reward of equine maternity. Every mare is needed for the work of the field, and so a practice common enough among the poorest class of horse owner has been taken up by those who never

followed it before. On the hayfield it has become nothing at all of a novelty for the foal to be seen trotting beside the dam or, as often happens, gambolling around while she is doing haulage connected with the hay harvest. At other tasks, too, the youngster is allowed to accompany the dam when after the exertion of following her up and down the meadow the little creature rests perfectly at ease while she is at hand.



W. Reid.

HIS AFTERNOON NAP.

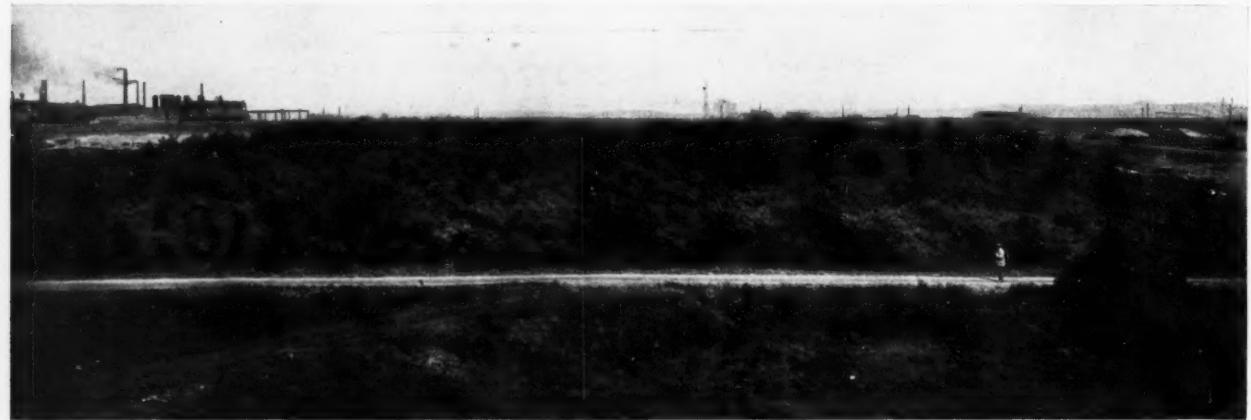
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RECLAIMING THE PIT BANK

ONE of the most interesting reclamation movements in Great Britain is that which has been going on for about twelve years under the control of the Midland Reafforesting Association. Its activity has been directed chiefly to Staffordshire and Worcestershire. Anciently these two prosperous counties were to a large extent forest, but when their industrial

in the mud 12,000, or 18½ per cent., died. Seeds had been purchased and sown at Four Oaks, but most of the seedlings perished also.

This did not prevent the energetic Association from proceeding vigorously with planting in 1905. One supremely excellent piece of work they did. A new isolation hospital had been started at Moorcroft, near Moxley, and attached



Spring Vale Plantation, Bilston. Until planting took place in 1907-8, this was a mound partly covered with grass, but most of it bare shale. The Spring Vale Furnaces are seen close to the wood, which is very noticeable to passengers on the Stour Valley line of the L.N.W.R. going between Birmingham and Wolverhampton.

potentialities began to be understood and developed, a mighty change came over the landscape. Lordly oak and beech trees with their green, inviting shade gave place to huge chimneys that by night and day belched out smoke and flame. Before the railway era travellers by stage coach dilated on the ugly horrors of the Black Country. Elegant Ruskinians of the Middle Victorian period turned up their refined noses as they described some brief glimpse of that inferno. To hear them speak it might have been thought that desolation was the only product of industry. Sober thinkers regretted the ugliness, but condoned it as an inevitable consequence of the activity and enterprise that were maintaining the commercial supremacy of Britain.

Presently there grew up a generation who recognised that there was indeed some truth in the denunciation of ugliness, although a robust common sense refused to underrate the splendid service rendered to progress by the manufacturers of the Midlands. Their views found effective expression at a meeting held in Birmingham Town Hall on February 12th, 1903. It was reported and commented on very freely, and there was none who did not wish good luck to a movement for planting the shale banks and making Nature flourish on the pit tip. Experience during the war has taught with bitter insistence that enormous advantage would have resulted if a start had been made fifteen or twenty years earlier.

In such movements the beginning is usually difficult, and this was no exception to the rule. Owing to one cause and another, planting in earnest did not begin till nearly two years after the date of the meeting. On Christmas Eve, 1904, the last of the planting, which had been done in very bad weather, was finished of a pit mound at Wednesbury, belonging to the Patent Shaft and Axle-tree Company—the work was done by the Association for the owners—and a small strip of frontage at Haden Hill Colliery. This early planting did not prosper. The wet autumn in 1904 was followed by a dry, cold spring in 1905. Of the trees planted

to it was a waste of forty-two acres, which was planted by arrangement with the Joint Smallpox Hospital. This waste was a blot on the landscape and to all appearance most forbidding land for the purpose of the forester. It lies north of the Great Western Railway. Most of it is genuine pit mound, but part is in a sandpit and a part was the site of the well known Waterloo furnace. Thirty-four acres of it were planted in 1905 with alder, wych elm, ash, sycamore and willow, in all 59,952 trees being put in. That was only a start. From the annual report of the Association for 1914 we learn that the Moorcroft plantation, as now completed, contains fifty plots planted with about thirty different species in varying proportions, and it is hoped that the experiment will show that the Association can rely on many more species than the five or six successfully employed in the older plantations.

By that year planting had been started in a great number of districts at Burslem and Kidderminster, Bilston and Handsworth and Coseley. Arbor Day had been fitly celebrated and many school plantations started. One under the Rowley Regis Education Committee at Siviter's Lane contains 1,000 trees. The Association had an excellent exhibit at the Shrewsbury Royal. It had been helped by the Development Commission and the Board of Agriculture, the latter assigning to it the task of experimenting with the object of discovering what species of trees are best adapted to the purposes of forestry in mining districts. But the declaration of war brought with it a check that we trust is only temporary to these admirable activities. At present little more can be done than mark time. Some of those who were the life

and soul of the movement are on military duty, and the calls upon those who subscribed funds have been so numerous and sincere that they have had either to reduce or altogether suspend their subscriptions.

After the war is over, the usefulness of the Association will be increased. The nation with a vastly increased National Debt on its shoulders will not be inclined to leave



Woodland Road, Moxley Sanatorium. This, the Moorcroft Plantation, was planted in 1905, but in 1907-8 at least thirty thousand young trees were destroyed by field-mice. Many had been replaced, but much remained to be done when the site was selected by the Board of Agriculture for an experimental plantation. The work under their scheme was carried out in 1913-14-15, many species being tried with varying success. The largest of the trees shown, alder, poplar and mountain ash, are part of the original plantation.

waste any surface that can be cultivated. It is probably an underestimate that in the Black Country there are at least 30,000 acres used for the mere heaping of rubbish, while at the same time a growing scarcity of timber was felt before the war, and it has been accentuated enormously by the abnormal demands of the naval and military authorities.

It has been demonstrated beyond the admission of a doubt that timber useful in many directions can be grown upon the pit waste. Evidence comes from many quarters, France, Belgium, Austria, Germany, as well as England, Scotland and Wales, and if it did not Nature herself proclaims the fact. In the North of England a number of



Bilston Plantation (Spring Vale). Willows in high wind.



A Pit Mound in process of formation at Bilston.



Round Bilston Fever Hospital. Showing difference in growth between alder and sycamore. Track along middle purposely left unplanted.

mines were opened during the early half of last century by the Marquess of Waterford. The seam was a coal of inferior quality and the pits were closed again. It might have been thought the moorland was ruined for ever, as there is nothing else quite so ugly and desolate as a forsaken pit district—rows of pitmen's houses windowless and roofless, hills of rubbish, trees removed, vegetation scorched. Yet in thirty years or so Nature accomplished a transformation. Ferns and other plants akin to them jutted out from the walls of the shaft openings, grasses, mosses and trailing creepers began to hide ruin and ugliness, mounds on which the fire never seemed to go out received seeds of trees from Nature's wild and wilful hand, and alders and conifers self-sown



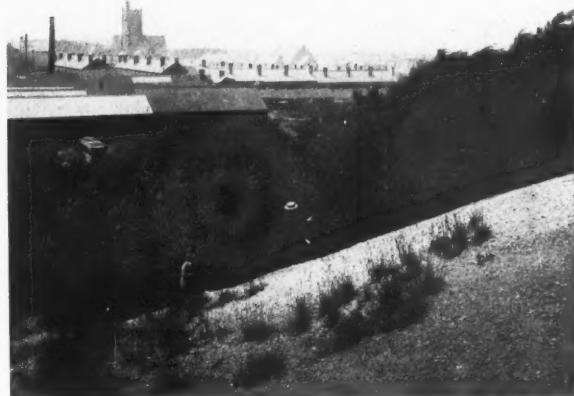
Moxley Sandhole. Wych elms in centre and on left (1905); large poplars visible in background, with slag heap behind them; various small trees on right (1913).



Moxley Plantation. The large black poplars were planted in 1905; small trees in foreground in 1912-13-14. Large trees have spread too much sideways, owing to the destruction of their neighbours by field mice. Close by, but not in the picture, is a mill for crushing slag into road metal. All foreground is slag and cinder, so is mound behind trees



Old Hill, Black Wagon Mound (1907-8). Alders on north-west side in bare shale.



Old Hill, Black Wagon Mound, Plantation No. 12, planted 1907-8. Birches added 1910-11-12. Birches growing in loose, dry, burnt-out shale, facing south. Bottom of bank left, rich growth of poplar, willow, sycamore and wych elm. Two acacias are also growing well.

began to make their appearance and grow freely. It was as if the moor were reinstating what had been stolen from it. But coal grew dear, it paid to open the pits once more, and old conditions are resumed.

The Association soon learned that Nature's way is the best. Everybody who plants trees is tempted to begin with the largest that can be bought. Disappointment almost invariably follows. To begin with, the larger the tree the greater the expense. Modern craftsmanship is able to compass the transplanting of timber trees—the late Lord Rothschild once transplanted a considerable number successfully, but it was not economic forestry. In the 1907 report we are told that the trees planted by the Association were, except in the case of the willows, which were from cuttings, two and three year old seedlings. They were planted at the rate of £1,742 to the acre, and the cost is given at £5 per acre for large plots, £6 per acre for plots between two and three acres, and £7 per acre for plots of less than two acres. The cost would be considered excessive on the Continent, where economy has been brought very near to perfection. But there yearling plants are considered the most profitable in the end. The Association says "the quickest, best and cheapest way to grow timber for profit is to sow the seed broadcast, the thicker the better, in a spot where the trees are meant to mature, and to leave it to Nature to thin out the weaklings. No manure or imported soil is needed, nor

any preparation save a mere forking of the surface. If, however, it is thought necessary to plant instead of sowing, trees of two years or less should be chosen, and the ground must be broken for a spade's depth under each plant."

It will be evident, even from this brief sketch, that those who founded the Association builded more wisely than they thought. The initial idea seems to have been merely to get rid of the depressing desolation of the pit and factory rubbish heaps, but use in this case has assumed higher rank than beauty. In a short period those plantings will have become very valuable, and that at a time when the nation urgently needs a home supply of timber. The woods are valued every five years, and the valuation of Black Wagon Plantation in 1914 rose from £26 5s. to £42. It has been found that the ash and the sycamore may be trusted to grow freely, and tons of the wood are used locally. The demand for poles even an inch and a half in diameter is always good and the price is steadily rising. Such results as have been gained even at this early stage in the history of the movement are of a kind to encourage those who hold that a vast amount of afforestation could be done at a profit. Since the growing of timber must necessarily occupy a prominent place in any good scheme of reclamation, the knowledge gained by these pioneers, work in the Midlands must be of inestimable value as a guide and help in the wider reaching movement that comes nearer every day.

LITERATURE

A BOOK OF THE WEEK

"**M**AKERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY" has received an addition in the shape of a study of *Abraham Lincoln*, by Lord Charnwood. (Constable.) It is as difficult to see why Abraham Lincoln is called a maker of the nineteenth century as it was to account for the inclusion of John Thaddeus Delane under the same category. But without too meticulous a search for logic in a title, it may at least be admitted that Lincoln is an extraordinary apt subject for biographical study. The greatest cause for regret is that the memorials of his early life are so scanty. He remained a backwoodsman in heart to the very end of his career, and we would very much like to have a more particular account of the Kentucky log cabin in which he was born. "Three miles west of a place called Hodgenville in what is now La Rue County." Is there not a touch of grotesque romance in the description? We are told that in later life he would repeat reminiscences of the backwoods to illustrate questions of state, and we wish that a Boswell had been there to take them down. Of his ancestry practically nothing is known except the memory of one or two striking incidents in their lives. There was an Abraham Lincoln who crossed the mountains from Virginia in 1780 and settled with his family in Kentucky. One morning, four years afterwards, he was at work near his cabin with three sons, Mordecai, Josiah and Thomas, when he was brought down by a shot from the bush. Mordecai ran to the house, Josiah to a fort, and the little boy Thomas, aged six, stayed by his father's body. Mordecai shot through a window the Indian in war-paint who had done the deed and continued firing at others who appeared among the bushes. Josiah returned with soldiers from the fort and the Indians ran off. Mordecai lived to a good old age, but he never ceased to be filled with a strange excitement at the very mention of Indians. If one appeared, he was after him with his gun and his conscience was not satisfied unless he stalked and shot him. After which it is pleasant to know that he was always spoken of as a good old man. But Abraham Lincoln knew not these relatives. Thomas Lincoln, the little boy who stayed beside his murdered father, was the immediate progenitor of Abraham. When the boy was four years old they all went down the Ohio River to a spot on the Indiana shore, where Abraham lived till he was twenty-one. Such are the brief data on which our conception of his childhood is based. Lord Charnwood does not let his fancy run riot, and the story of this part of his hero's career is finished off in less than half a dozen pages.

The interesting part of the book is unquestionably that in which is narrated as far as it affected Lincoln, the history of the War of Secession. Lord Charnwood complains that contemporary Englishmen knew very little about this great interneceine quarrel. Some of the remarks made by

the leading men of the day were shortsighted and even selfish. There is some justification for the author's severe remarks:

Many of the expressions of English opinion at that time betray a powerlessness to comprehend another country and a self-sufficiency in judging it, which, it may humbly be claimed, were not always and are not now so characteristic of Englishmen as they were in that period of our history, in many ways so noble, which we associate with the rival influences of Palmerston and of Cobden.

Each of the prominent Englishmen of the day seems to have looked at the war through his own spectacles. Cobden sympathised with the South because the South was Free Trade. Lord Robert Cecil, who afterwards became Lord Salisbury, in his cynical way expressed sympathy for the South as a good customer of ours and antagonism for the North as a rival for our business. It was a lasting reproach to Gladstone that he sided with the South. But, on the other hand, the Americans themselves had no very clear idea what they were fighting about. The better part of two years had elapsed before Lincoln made his famous declaration in favour of the emancipation of the slaves. Before that the issue had not been very clearly defined. A very large number of those who fought on the Southern side were under the impression that they were resisting dictation. They did not fight for the privilege of keeping slaves, but because they contended that the North had no right to tell them what they were to do in the matter. The part played by Lincoln in the contest was not really very brilliant. He does not appear to have been at all a keen judge of men. Before Grant assumed command he had tried to get on with a succession of generals, but the brains, and perhaps the luck, were at first altogether with Lee and "Stonewall" Jackson. It is quite conceivable that a President who had been less of a civilian and a lawyer than Lincoln might have brought things to an end far sooner. In many respects history seems to have been repeating itself, and it would be a mistake to imagine that the American War of Independence was not comparable in importance to that between the Allies of the *Entente* and the Central European Powers. The great difference was that the armies in the sixties were what we should call amateurs now. The battles were dreadful enough in contemporary opinion, but they were not comparable with those that have been fought quite recently in the Anglo-French offensive. Yet there can be no doubt but that Lee was a very great general. Wolseley, who knew both, ranked him higher than von Moltke, and military authorities endorse that opinion. Jackson, too, was a great fighter and there is only one tragedy of the war sadder than his death in battle at the age of thirty-nine. Needless to say, that was the fate which befel Lincoln himself. Even those who are not much given to look for omen and presage will not fail to be touched by the memory that on the Sunday before his death the

President read to them parts of "Macbeth" and read twice over the lines :

Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further.

John Wilkes Booth, brother of a famous actor then playing "Hamlet" in Boston, who shot Lincoln at the theatre, appears to have been more of a madman than a miscreant. No historical importance attaches to the murder, except that it was one of those grave perils of which sovereigns and leaders take the risk. The claim for Lincoln is rather vague. No political theory stands out from his words and actions and no great performance dignifies his life, but he was a very human person and we cannot wonder that his memory is fast rooted in the minds of his countrymen. After all, it is no slight eulogy with which his biographer is enabled to end :

His humour rioted in comparisons between potent personages and Jim Jett's brother or old Judge Brown's drunken coachman, for the reason for which the rarely jesting Wordsworth found a hero in the "Leech Gatherer" or in Nelson and a villain in Napoleon or in Peter Bell. . . . If he had a theory of democracy it was contained in this condensed note which he wrote, perhaps as an autograph, a year or two before his Presidency : "As I would not be a slave, so I would not be a master. This expresses my idea of democracy. Whatever differs from this, to the extent of the difference, is no democracy.—A. LINCOLN."

With Gypsies in Bulgaria, by Andreas (Mui Shuko). (Henry Young and Sons, 2s. 6d.)

IN the summer of 1913 the author journeyed from Varna to Rustshuk in company with a party of gypsies. He first proposed to go in company with a party of Mahomedan gypsies, gay, handsome, fascinating and exceedingly dirty; but he had first of all to apply for leave to Osman, the king of the gypsies at Varna. Osman replied as follows : "Listen, all! This great one wishes to travel with the Zagundzhis! He will be covered with lice to the elbows, they will give him hens to eat that have died a natural death; they will rob him, cut his throat in the night and leave his body in a ditch. I would rather all my children should die! I will not allow it!" So he had to fall back on some comparatively clean, honest and dull Christian gypsies, who were by profession comb-makers. But their virtues were not oppressively tiresome; they were hen stealers and horse stealers, and when the author told them of the practice of "drabbing bawlor," they hailed it as a delightful new amusement and begged him to send them the necessary poisons. As regards their horse stealing, we are told that "Far from being a degrading trade, the theft of horses is a vocation in which an intelligent Gypsy can take an honest pride, and those who follow it with any success retain, like certain Britons who borrow umbrellas and smuggle cigars, the sentiment of honour intact." As far as their traveller committed to their charge was concerned, these Christian gypsies were strictly honourable, and with one of them, Turi, the son of their leader, Petrika, he struck up a devoted friendship and they became two gentle brothers, as did Jasper and the Sap-engro in the lane. There was, too, a sprightly old lady called Totana who raided a farmhouse all by herself and stole fourteen napoleons with the most intense rapture. In short, anybody who has any feeling for gypsies—and "dull must he be of soul" who has not—will find Petrika and his band the very pleasantest of company.

England's Effort, by Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Smith, Elder, 2s. 6d.)

THIS book is in the form of letters written by Mrs. Ward to a friend in America with the object of showing how England, taken utterly unprepared at the beginning of the war, has since made a really gigantic effort to "improvise the impossible." She has set about her work with all the earnestness that we should expect from her, paying a visit to the Grand Fleet, watching a German counter-attack with her gas-helmet ready at hand, and paying a series of visits to munition works all over the country. Not only does she describe what she saw always well and sometimes eloquently, but she never falls into the error of relying on words only and reinforces them with arrays of facts and figures, she even taking the trouble of translating the millions of pounds we have spent into still more millions of dollars. That which has most attracted and impressed Mrs. Ward in the whole tremendous effort is clearly "the endless picturesqueness of women's share in it." Her descriptions of the women working in munition factories are extraordinarily interesting, and hundreds of people who have never been out of England throughout the war and have lived in the midst of all this women's work will probably realise its magnitude for the first time through Mrs. Ward's book. She tells a little story that seems to put the whole matter in the fewest possible words. In one factory she met a Belgian woman and asked her if she had ever done machine work before. "Never," was the answer. "Mais c'est la guerre. Il faut tuer les Allemands."

Far-away Stories, by William J. Locke. (The Bodley Head, 6s.)

IN a friendly little preface Mr. Locke half apologises to his readers for re-publishing old stories, and pleads that he "does not want them to remain buried for ever in the museum file of dead magazine-numbers—an author's not unpardonable vanity." There is no reason for even half an apology, since the stories, even if they are not Mr. Locke quite at his best, are more than worth the rescuing. They are, above everything else, pleasant stories. That surely is the best epithet for descriptions of old Tudor houses with mulioned windows and hollyhocks and wistarias, clipped yew hedges and stone parapeted terraces that make one feel quite homesick for houses one

has never seen. They are delightful houses in which might have lived Mr. Austin Dobson's old gentleman :

"His Christian name, I think, was John,
His surname Leisure."

And Mr. Locke describes them quite delightfully. It was in such a house that lived his hero in the first of his "Studies in Blindness," which have in them something of novelty as well as pleasantness. One of these, "A Lover's Dilemma," has a plot of ingenuity that has something impish in it. The hero, temporarily blinded by a gun accident, is nursed by a lady with whom he falls in love, if it may so be described, at first hearing. He tells her that he knows she must be beautiful, but she denies it and describes to him in detail her plain features. He thinks and thinks over the description till he evolves from it in his mind a face which seems beautiful to him. When his sight is restored he finds that his unseen divinity is really and radiantly lovely; but that, to save him from falling in love with her, she had described to him the face of another girl, her cousin. When he meets the cousin she has the face of his dreams that he loves, and so the one thing that he cannot forgive in his original lady is her unexpected beauty. And we leave him consumed with love for one of the two girls, but wholly unable to decide for which. The story is only a slight thing, but most skilfully and enterprisingly done.

Desmond's Daughter, by Maud Diver. (William Blackwood, 6s.)

MRS. DIVER'S new book takes us once more to India, and gives us again a picture of the social life of the Anglo-Indian; that life of amusement, tennis parties, polo matches, balls and theatricals that, alien and detached, lies as lightly on the dark depths of the older civilisation as any party of picnickers afloat on the ocean. We renew our acquaintance with Captain Desmond, V.C., and his wife, Honor—the heroine, Thea, being their daughter. The interest of the book, however, centres neither in Desmond nor in his daughter, but in Vincent Leigh, the shy, nervous youth, idealist and dreamer of dreams, who, drawn by more than half his nature toward the life of a student, is caught nevertheless into the life of action, undergoes baptism by fire, and emerges from the "crucible of war," as many another nervous youth has done before, a hero with a D.S.O. for conspicuous gallantry. Mrs. Diver draws her heroes with more sympathy and truth than her heroines, and her Indian background with a surer, bolder touch than her European foreground. It is as if the greater distance from her subject gave her, in both cases, a clearer vision of the important features, while allowing the minor details to sink into obscurity. Her women suffer from over-emphasis of detail and consequent want of power to carry conviction. Thea, the childish heroine, a type dear to the feminine novelist—the "Child, Child!" and "Little Girl" of her adorers, whose relations with her father and lovers is one of a cloying sentimentality, neither stirs our sympathy nor convinces us of truth. The drawing-room and ball-room loves of Thea, however, float lightly on the stream of Indian life which is the chief interest of the book, and which overflows in the latter half in the rising of the Frontier tribes under the leadership of the Mad Mullah, culminating in the Tirah Campaign, one of those pages ablaze with deeds of heroism that adorn the history of British rule in India.

Bond-Slaves, by J. E. Patterson. (Simpkin, Marshall, 6s.)

IF we glance through the Press criticisms of Mr. Patterson's previous publications appended to this volume, we see that he has been likened to such widely differing writers as Poe, Loti, George Eliot, Fielding, Aeschylus and, of course, Thomas Hardy. Anyone who writes unvarnished tales about modern English peasantry is bound to be compared with Hardy; but in this case we do not know that the kinship with him is any closer than with the other authors above mentioned. Mr. Patterson has set out to tell us an uncomfortable story about a young farmer who wronged another man by robbing him of his wife, and how he suffered remorse throughout years of stolen happiness. He wishes to show that for all Ben's fine thought, he is but a slave to his passions—"the spiritual is sat on all the time by the big heavy material," in Ben's own words. Miriam, the wife who deserts her husband for Ben, has no such sensibilities; she has neither complaint against the man she wronged nor regret for the harm she has done to him. Perhaps it is this insensibility which makes Miriam rather a shadowy figure when the author's obvious intention is that she should be full-blooded and passionate. We feel something of the same unreality in all the subsidiary characters. They speak and meet and act—sometimes violently—but we never seem to reach down into their souls, the mainspring of their actions. Country people may be like this, simple-minded, and at the beck and call of their immediate desires. Mr. Patterson, at any rate, has a clear conception of the characters he wishes to portray and of the setting amid which he places them, and he is able to project his vision broadly upon the canvas. His style has originality. It is bold and vivid, but curiously matter-of-fact, and his constant use of the clumsy "etc." in a sentence and of long parentheses in brackets gives it a commercial and uncultured touch at times that is unfortunate.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Discovery, or The Spirit and Service of Science, by R. A. Gregory. (Macmillan, 5s.)
The Marriage Revolt, by W. E. Carson. (Werner Laurie, 9s.)
Learning to Fly, by C. Grahame-White and Harry Harper. (Werner Laurie, 2s. 6d.)
New Light on the Enigmas of Shakespeare's Sonnets, by R. L. Eagle. (John Long 2s. 6d.)
The People Who Run, by Violetta Thurstan. (Putnam, 2s. 6d.)
Bibliography of British Ornithology from the Earliest Times to the End of 1912, to be published in about six bi-monthly parts, by W. H. Mullens and H. Kirke Swan. Part I. (Macmillan, 9s.)
Monmouth, by Coralie Stanton and Heath Hosken. (Stanley Paul, 6s.)
The Foundations of Germany, by J. Ellis Baker. (Smith, Elder, 7s. 6d.)
Poems of Adam Lindsay Gordon, including several never before printed, arranged by Douglas Sladen. (Constable, 3s.)
The Wind's Will, by Agnes and Egerton Castle. (Cassell, 6s.)
Daily's Magazine, July, 1916. (Vinton, 1s.)
Cornhill Magazine, July, 1916. (Smith, Elder, 1s.)
Fortnightly Review, July, 1916. (Chapman and Hall, 2s. 6d.)

CORRESPONDENCE

IS THE SHIRE A FAILURE?

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—Do you not think the present moment very appropriate for the suggestion that horse breeders should devote their attention to developing a really hard, useful cart-horse out of the Shire so as to change it from a pampered luxury into a good labourer? Often I have heard the late Sir Walter Gilbey and others say that in their young days the object of all good Shire men and of the Shire Horse Society was to improve the farmer's cart-horse, and not merely add another to the domestic animals ruined by the show-yard. As a great admirer of our premier breed of heavy horses, I suggest that leading Shire breeders should see to it that the fault of forging is removed. The noisy click, click, of some of the parading winning Shires at the recent Royal Show, which prompts me to write, was to my own and other ears most objectionable. We expect that animals seen in the ring should be the cream of the breed they represent. Surely it cannot be in their favour that these picked Shires should be faulty in this or in any other direction. Breeders could remedy the evil without much difficulty. But I am more concerned by reiterated statements that the Shire has been a failure in warfare and has proved himself chicken-hearted and a constant prey to disease or ill health. If true, these are grave charges, and it is to be feared that there may be at least possibility in the truth of the indictment. Is this the case because the Shire is tested less than any other breed? How few present-day sires come from working mares; how many from parents, grandparents and even more remote ancestors whose owners have kept them almost entirely for the show ring? In consequence constitutional weaknesses and want of heart have little chance of betraying themselves. How different is the tale of the thoroughbred! He is not bred for the show ring, and it is doubtful if it can be said of any blood sire serving to-day that for two generations his progenitors on one or other side of the house have not been put to the severe test of the racecourse, for which he also was bred. In the case of the thoroughbred this spells virile parents and offspring likely to be able to stand work, hence his value as a sire of hunters. The object of the breeder of the modern Shire is to produce an animal that shall conform as nearly as possible to the prevailing fashion of the show ring. Conformation (and, incidentally, unimportant trifles, such as feather) is the main consideration. I submit that Shire breeders and the wealthy and important Society which watches their interests should seriously take heed to their ways. Wiser heads than mine will not find it easy to discover the best means to alter the present state of affairs; but when a ringside commonplace is that American and other foreign markets are likely to be even less open to the Shire and more open to the Percheron as the result of military experience in Flanders, there is obviously strong call for careful examination of the reasons which have led the United States for years past to prefer the French breed. We cannot afford to lose our export trade in Shires. High prices given by wealthy men at home for horses likely to win in the show ring are not the best test of the value of the breed. It is only in so far as these animals improve working stock that they have real merit. If, when put through the fire in France and Flanders, the Shire has failed and an undesirable reputation has been earned in consequence, it must result in serious damage to the breed. Our Transatlantic cousins can only prefer the Percheron because his working capacity has proved more profitable to them than the Shire. If, as you have done in the case of light horse subjects, you can open the columns of COUNTRY LIFE to a discussion of what, in my judgment, vitally concerns breeders of the English heavy horse, you will perform a great service.—SURREY FARMER.

ARE HEDGEROW TREES WRONG IN ALL WAYS?

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—They are never right from any point of view, and Captain Edwards is quite right and not half severe enough in his article on "Trees and the Land." Bad for the land, they are not good as trees and not even beautiful. An oak spreading about its limbs from a hedgerow will not measure half so well as an oak grown in a wood. Elms grown as they often are rob good land and are of little value when mature. Hedgerow trees give no such good effect in the landscape as grouped or mixed trees. The thin, scattered effect of the hedgerow trees is a poor aid to the picture. As they are mostly summer leafing trees they give no shelter from winds worth mentioning. Shade, if we want it, we get best from trees grouped in a pasture. Shelter belts are a need in a much exposed country, but to be of real use they should be larger than they are usually made and of the hardiest evergreen trees. Belts of trees made with us are usually too thin and do not even shelter themselves. The place for trees is the wood, and the right way is to plant poor or badly situated land. Few farms have not poor fields that would be better planted instead of scattering trees about fences to rob the fields. And good live fences are a precious gain to the land. They cannot be strong and enduring if tall and hungry trees are in the fences. I have planted many trees and cut down all the trees in my hedgerows, but for every one I cut down I plant hundreds. Fences of woodland are not so easily dealt with, as the trees gradually approach the live fence; but even in such cases it is better to keep a good quick fence as free of trees as one may.—WILLIAM ROBINSON, Gravetye, Sussex.

THE FLY ON THE FARM.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—Flies are a great nuisance on the farm. When cattle are already tried by the weather they aggravate their troubles, so much so as to have a noticeably bad effect on milk and meat production. Moreover, as the insects feed on every kind of filth and carry with them the germs of diseases which they spread by contact or by bite, they are responsible for many epidemics. Under favourable conditions flies multiply in appalling numbers, especially during the months of July, August and September. Five or six batches of 150 eggs are often deposited by a single fly, and the transformation stage from egg to fly only takes from ten to fourteen days. Their

favourite breeding place is stable manure, which explains their plentifulness on the farm. They also breed in every kind of decaying matter, but the manure heap in the farmyard is the real cause of their presence on the farm. In America the number of flies incubated in the manure heap has been ascertained by experiments. Manure taken from the farmyard was put in specially made boxes so that nothing could escape, and the flies were captured by a special device and counted. From different 8-bushel tests from 3,000 to 6,000 flies emerged in about a fortnight. At Manchester, in July, 1915, these results were confirmed by experiments undertaken by Mr. W. T. Dearden, who obtained 932 flies in eleven days from 3 cubic feet of manure. These experiments were undertaken to try the killing power of some chemical substances on the larvae of the fly. Several substances were tried, but borax alone was found satisfactory. The borax treatment, however, would be a costly one, inapplicable to the farmyard. The figures, however, are eloquent, especially when one remembers they only represent a limited exposure, since, once the manure was under observation, fresh flies no longer had access to it. But in an exposed heap hatching proceeds continually, so that the importance of preventing flies from using this ideal incubator is obvious. This is done on farms where the manure is preserved under good conditions. The manure is matured inside a closed shed, the windows of which are darkened with sacking during the summer months. The doors of the shed are kept shut so that flies have practically no access to it. This is the simplest and the most straightforward means of preventing the propagation of the pests, and on farms where this plan is followed flies are much less numerous than on those where the manure is left exposed, to say nothing of the economic advantages obtained by this treatment with regard to the manure itself.—V.

ANTI-FLY SQUIRTS.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—You have had many very interesting articles on the fly nuisance. I find the excellent exhibition that was at the Zoological Gardens is closed. Can you tell me where the fly squirts, that Professor Lefroy recommended, can be obtained, and will you advise me whether these squirts would be of service in clearing a cowshed of flies at milking time? Have any of your readers ever used these squirts for this purpose?—NORTH COUNTRY.

BLACK MARKINGS ON GOLD FISH.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—Perhaps one of your naturalist readers may be able to throw light upon the following curious occurrence. I have had a gold fish living for nearly six years in an aquarium with a fountain always flowing. Its colour was a brilliant golden, without any trace of black; but since Easter this year extensive black markings have developed upon the head, body and tail. About three years ago two other fishes were added to the aquarium, one of a pure silver colour this also has developed a black patch on the tail, the other gold with black markings on the head, tail and fins. The fishes are fed upon dried ants' eggs, and this winter watercress has been growing in the tank. I am inclined to attribute the change of colour to the watercress, and do not suppose that the black colouration is pathological or catching from the one to the others.—M. D.

THE NESTING SITE OF THE WILLOW WREN.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—Although I believe not entirely without precedent, it may be of interest to some of your readers to record the following unusual habit of the willow wren. Near here there is a narrow belt of woodland bordering a stream, consisting largely of young spruce fir trees, and with the ordinary thick undergrowth of a swampy wood. In the spring of last year I found a willow wren's nest 9ft. from the ground on the thick, flat, outspreading branch of one of the spruce firs. The nest was of the usual dome shape and of the ordinary materials, and the young birds were successfully brought off. This spring, in the same place, I have found two more nests in an exactly similar situation about 6ft. above the ground; one bird is at the present time sitting on five eggs. The nests have in each case been placed out near the end of the flat bough, where one would imagine a good deal of rocking of the nestlings would occur during a wind. I should be glad to know if any of your readers have ever noticed a similar curious nesting site of Sylvia Trochilus. This copse is also remarkable as having been for years the breeding place of a numerous race of bullfinches. The nests are all placed out on the branches of the spruce firs and in such insecure positions that they not infrequently collapse before the young birds are ready to fly.—A. P. ORTON.

WRENS NESTING IN A WINDOW.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—In your issue of October 30th last (page 600) I recorded the fact that a pair of wrens had built a nest on the top of the window-curtains in my dining-room, one of the windows of which stands always slightly open. I gave also an illustration of the nest in position. The nest in question never received eggs, but it remained in position until the end of March this year, when, as it was falling to pieces and causing a litter (though I had tried to tie it up with string), I had it removed. Up to that time the wrens had frequented it occasionally, but I am unable to say whether they ever roosted in it or not. On April 23rd I found that, within the previous few days, a new nest had been built. It was in exactly the same position as before, but this year it was in the upper right-hand corner of the window, while last year it was in the upper left-hand corner. This year, too, the nest was built largely of dead oak leaves, whereas last year it was mainly of grass and moss. After this one or other of the birds was constantly at the nest (but never both together, so far as I saw), and the male often sang loudly from a rose pergola pole just outside the window. On May 4th I found that the nest contained eggs, and the bird began to sit soon after, but on three eggs

only. The smallness of the clutch was accounted for, perhaps, by the strangeness of the situation of the nest. Incubation proceeded and the young were hatched in due course. After this the birds paid a visit to the nest every few minutes throughout the day, even while a meal was in progress in the room. On each visit the bird brought food in its bill, and the young in the nest while being fed always emitted a very subdued twittering, something like that of a swallow. Two of the young left the nest on June 8th, and the third on the following day, all of them fluttering about the dining-room and hall till they found their way out through the open front door. There is, so far as I know, no previous record of a wren thus nesting and bringing off her young in a much used room in a dwelling-house. Had the birds been robins there would have been, of course, nothing at all unusual about the occurrence.—MILLER CHRISTY.

A CAT WITH MANGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be very glad if you or any of your readers could tell me of a cure for mange in our cat. He has had sore red places on his skin and is now evidently suffering from constant irritation and his fur has an unpleasant smell. He is a very fine Persian (rather old) and has been remarkably healthy. He will not take sulphur in his milk, which is a pity, as I feel sure his blood is out of order.—E. K. T.

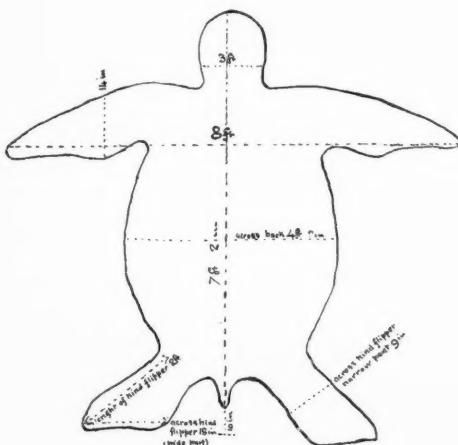
The form of mange to which the cat is susceptible, known as *notoedres minor cati*, differs but slightly from the sarcoptic of the dog, and, taken in the early stages, is amenable to treatment. It is important to remember that it may be transmitted to human beings, as well as to the horse, dog and rabbit. Therefore, an affected animal should be segregated as much as possible, and its mistress should wash her hands in disinfectant after dressing it. The article in Hoare's "System of Veterinary Medicine" describes the symptoms as follows: "The head and nape of the neck are usually the only parts attacked, although in old and neglected cases the disease may spread along the back over the entire body and on the paws. There is, at first, scratching of the parts, then the hair appears to become thin, falls out, and finally a great quantity of dandruff appears. After this the skin becomes thickened and covered with scab, even up to half an inch in thickness. There is marked wrinkling, and soon the animal looks miserable, loses much flesh, and often dies." The treatment recommended is, first, the removal of as much scab as possible by the use of a warm solution of washing soda. Then apply every other day a dressing of one part of sulphur and five parts of lard. If the disease is in an advanced stage the chances of recovery are not promising.—ED.]

CAPTURE OF A LEATHERY TURTLE IN BRITISH WATERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—On June 16th a fine specimen of the leatherly turtle, or luth, was captured off Scilly and landed there. The reptile, which has

since been sent to the Natural History Museum, is of large size, the actual weight being 9cwt. 3qr.; length from tip of nose to tip of tail 7ft. 2in.; length from tip to tip of fore flippers 8ft.; breadth across back 4ft. 2in.; circumference of neck 3ft. The accompanying rough sketch of the outline (which



SHOWING ITS EXACT DIMENSIONS.



NEARLY HALF A TON OF TURTLE.

is not exactly to scale) together with the photograph will give an idea of the creature.—F. F. T.

TO BE SOLD FOR THE RED CROSS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send you a photograph of a fine Great Dane which has just been presented to us to help the Red Cross. It was brought by a Red Cross



WHO WANTS ME?

orderly who wanted to give something to the cause, and had been bred by his father, who valued it at about £40. They say it is of the Lord Topper strain, but unfortunately they have lost its pedigree. The dog is about two and a half years old and devoted to soldiers, so that it would make a very suitable regimental mascot.—BASIL OXENDEN (Hon. Secretary), Red Cross Gift House, 48, Pall Mall, S.W.

THE FLY: THE HACKNEY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The traditions of Brighton, according to some esteemed correspondents of your contemporary *Notes and Queries*, give us the origin of the fly, which has spread to all seaside and holiday resorts, and, in fact, almost everywhere, until it is now up against a mortal rival in the shape of the taxi. The use of the name of fly arose in Brighton in 1809 when a carpenter, employed at the Royal Pavilion stables, injured himself, and on his recovery, made a seat on wheels to be pulled about on by a single horse. The Prince Regent saw it, and ordered another, and this was used by him and his friends in their larks at night, who named it a "fly-by-night." The "New English Dictionary" says: "Fly, the name of a light vehicle, introduced at Brighton in 1816, and originally drawn or pushed by men; but a horse being soon employed the name was gradually extended to any one-horse covered carriage, as a cab or hansom, let out on hire." The Act of Parliament passed in 1847, and known as 10 and 11 Vict., c. 89, f. 38, says: "Every wheeled carriage . . . used in standing or plying for hire in any street . . . and every carriage standing upon any street, public or private, . . . having thereon any numbered plate required by this Act shall be deemed to be a Hackney Carriage." A good deal of information on the subject may be found in a book on "Omnibuses and Cabs," by Henry Charles Moore (1902); for instance, he writes that hackney coaches were established in London early in the seventeenth century. A picture is given of a hackney coach about 1680, and another about 1800. The first four-wheeled cab was placed upon the streets about 1837, being called a covered cab. It carried two passengers inside, and one upon the box seat. This cab was quickly improved upon, and the Clarence, our much-abused growler, was the result. Lord Brougham was highly pleased with the new vehicle, and in 1840 he instructed his coach-builder—Mr Robinson of Mount Street—to make him one of a superior description. Hence the brougham. Moore also says that, in all probability, the name "hackney" was derived from the old French word *hacquenée*, which was applied to horses, and sometimes coaches, let on hire. The claim that Hackney was the first place where coaches could be hired, and gave its name to the vehicles, does not bear investigation. My own view is that the origin of the words "hackney" and "hackneyed" is both ancient and obscure, but an ingenious derivation is drawn from the Middle Dutch, with *hucken* or *hakken*—a chop; the alternate lifting and dropping of the horse's feet in ambling, with the accompanying sound, being compared to the alternating movement of a pair of chopping knives in chopping cabbage, or the like—thus the horse, the coach, and even hired people, have all fallen under the description of hackneys.

And so the word became known to convey the meaning to wear, weary, or exhaust by frequent or excessive use, as a horse. Thus Shakespeare, in "Henry IV," has it:

"Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common hackneyed in the eyes of men."

Marvell wrote: "Both men, and horses, and leather being hackneyed, jaded, and worn out." And Goldsmith says: "I always held that hackneyed maxim of Pope." While a charming living writer Mr. George, A. B. Dewar, puts it thus: "The Sahara Desert could no more be vulgarised by a beanfeast than the Pacific Ocean by an excursion boat. Still less can such places be hackneyed by writers. The Sphinx—how infinitely less is it than the Sahara. Yet who can hackney the Sphinx?"—

—J. LANDFEAR LUCAS.

THE "FERN OWL" ON A SCOTCH MOOR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose you photograph of eggs and nest of a nightjar which was taken on a moor of ours a few days ago. The bird sat very close until we got within about four yards of the nest, when she fluttered off—apparently with a disabled wing, in order, I suppose, to draw us away from the nest. The nest itself was not a nest in any sense. The eggs were on dry bracken, which harmonised



A NIGHTJAR'S NESTING PLACE.

so perfectly with the colouring of the bird that although we were so close it was a long time before we could make her out. The other day, fishing on a small loch here, I saw chaffinches hawking flies like flycatchers. Is this not unusual?—R. Y., Kirkcudbrightshire.

TITS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—It having been suggested to me by a correspondent in the South that June 24th was a late date for young tits to be still in the nest, you may consider it of interest to your readers to state that I know five nests (great and blue tits), apart from others of which I have been told, in this neighbourhood in which on June 22nd the young were all being fed. One of the nests is in a nesting box where the birds commenced nesting on April 16th, and the young, though noisy, were still being fed in the box on June 26th. A comparison can be made of nesting dates in the North and South when I say that I know a spotted flycatcher which on June 22nd commenced sitting on her eggs. By the way, can any of your readers give their experiences as to tits choosing the same site for another season's nest, excluding nesting boxes? My observation shows that they do not return to the same hole.—

J. F. S., Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

HARNESS FOR OXEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am much interested in the photograph of draught oxen in your issue of March 25th, the last to hand. As your correspondent remarks, it is certainly to be desired that the peasants of the Campagna should find some better method of harnessing. If you care to reproduce the enclosed print, I think he will agree that they might do worse than adopt that in vogue here. The beasts are free to move their heads in any direction, the



A BULLOCK CART IN THE EAST.

cord round the base of the horns being solely for the purpose of supporting a shell, or other ornament, on the forehead, and unattached to anything else. The nose ring and reins are combined, thus obviating the necessity of the very cumbersome steering gear shown in your correspondent's photograph. All my transport is done by these bullock carts.—N. RALEIGH HANCOCK, Tismoda Group, Kadugannawa.

SCHOOLBOYS ON THE FARM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose two photographs of Marlborough College boys helping neighbouring farmers with the haymaking. They are paid two pence per hour, and



MARLBURIANS HAY-MAKING.



FEEDING THE ELEVATOR.

the money is given to hospital funds. You may publish the photographs in your paper if you think they are interesting enough.—G. D. JENKINS.

A WELL IN A BARREL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of an unconventional well which I have seen on a certain farm in the Northern Counties. It may, perhaps, be common



MAKING THE MOST OF A TINY SPRING.

enough, but it struck me as being worthy of note, both from its unusualness—to me—and its usefulness. As regards the latter, the well collects the waters of a spring which oozes from a hillside and over a path immediately above the barrel in the photograph; thus the path, which became a mere bog in winter, is now dry. Also the well gives a water supply to the sheep, etc., in the same field, and, last but not least, a lid covers the barrel in bad weather so that the water is kept pure.—E. CROWE.